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DETROIT.

THE TURNING POINT

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Events of the Week.

THE past week has witnessed the gradual transition from the victorious battle of Foch's counter-offensive in which the tangible fruits of victory were swiftly gathered to the positional battles of last year's campaign. As far south as Havrincourt there has been little change. It is above Havrincourt, it will be remembered, that the British troops burst through the Hindenburg positions up to the switch in front of Douai. Below Havrincourt the line a week ago ran almost due south to a point two miles east of Péronne, crossed the Somme, some three or four miles west of Ham, crossed the Oise nearly four miles west of Chauny, made an irregular approach to the March 21st positions below La Fère, and then crossed the Ailette. Below La Fère the French are over the March 21st positions, on the outskirts of St. Gobain Forest they are standing near La Fère, and as far as Havrincourt the present line is nowhere more than three miles west of the Hindenburg line. We are almost back at the day when Ludendorff launched the "Kaiser Battle." Between Douai and Cambrai and towards Laon we are farther east; about Ypres, on the Aisne, and for a thin strip along the Hindenburg line we are still on the Ludendorff side of the line. It required four months to push out the front; but the territory overrun was evacuated under compulsion in seven weeks.

CERTAIN critics tend to mislead the public by a history of rearguard actions which have failed. No rearguard action has failed; but in several battles the Allies undoubtedly won successes that were grudgingly yielded. It is necessary to point out this misconception, for how otherwise can the obvious stiffening during the last few days be explained? The Allies are now approaching positions upon which the Germans mean to stand. They are not the final positions. There are at least three other organized lines in the rear of the Hindenburg system, and, in effect, these constitute a defensive area stretching from Lille to near Luneville, with a northern boundary through Valenciennes and Givet. It will at once be evident that this massive redoubt, covering practically the whole of the occupied part of France, leaves two flanks; and their topographical setting casts us back upon the campaigns of Marlborough

and those imaginary campaigns which the French military school visualized before the war. Flanders and Alsace-Lorraine are the two "open" flanks, and the latter is the field most studied by the French soldiers as the line of invasion of Germany. And it is on the southern flank that Franco-American forces have struck. On Thursday morning, on a twenty-mile front, the St. Mihiel salient was attacked, with an immediate success, for the consequences of which we must wait.

WE must realize that though undertaken under compulsion, the retreat just ended was decided upon by the Germans certainly a month ago, and though carried out under very different conditions from the retreat last year, we cannot measure the future by the past weeks. Very fierce fighting took place last week-end before we were able to capture Havrincourt Wood. This is one of the significant facts of the recent fighting, since it should serve to moderate our views of the nature of the retreat. Havrincourt Wood lies but a few miles south of Mœuvres, which we approached when the Drocourt-Quéant switch line was overrun, and yet the wood was only captured after three days' struggle. It lies west of Cambrai, and the stern resistance gives the value which the enemy sets upon that great centre of communications. The same is true of Gouzeaucourt Wood, where also the fighting fell back upon a rhythm with which we are only too familiar. The wood and the ridge west of Gouzeaucourt were still being contested on Tuesday evening. There lie but twenty miles between Cambrai and Valenciennes, where organized positions at present existing cease. It is but natural the enemy should resolve to dispute any advance in so critical a direction.

DURING Sunday the British troops found the enemy profiting by the defences we had prepared before the March offensive. But despite the stiffening resistance the advance continued. The important junction of Tergnier was evacuated to the French on Saturday, and the troops crossed the St. Quentin canal despite the attempts to check the advance. Mangin's army farther south seized the ridge between the St. Gobain massif and the Chemin des Dames; but the troops have had to bear the brunt of repeated counter-attacks. The position was captured (or surrendered) before the enemy realised its true value as a wedge between the two positions, and threatening both. To the north the French are pressing in upon both La Fère and St. Quentin. In sum, these various actions do no more as yet than threaten the Hindenburg line, and the fighting tends to equilibrium over the whole front which has been changed so rapidly during the last few weeks. The one fact of real importance is that, until now, we have taken position after position which was expected to hold for some time almost immediately by a turning movement. The chance of actually turning the new position depends chiefly upon our new tactical method.

FOR the moment the necessity of a frontal attack has arisen once more, unless Foch uses his initiative to

turn the whole of the organised positions by a blow on the flanks. There are now said to be five Austrian divisions on the Western front, in addition to the Austrian batteries which have long been engaged there. Returned prisoners from Russia have also been captured; but the defence of the line, and certainly of Cambrai, will be carried out by selected troops. The Germans now hope to reduce the rate of advance to that of last year's battles so that they may have time to reform, refit, and embark on other ventures. But the last aim must be highly problematical until it is certain that we shall resign ourselves to siege warfare. The tanks have succeeded in forcing the straight positions before, and they are still supreme in their own country. They cannot scale mountains nor cross water. But against machine gun nests they are the appropriate tactics. Our aeroplanes do not seem to have made much progress in battle recently, and it is doubtful whether the Independent Air Force would not be better employed in this way until our numbers are sufficient to dispense with it. Tanks can secure to us the advantage of surprise; but the German retreat has so narrowed the alternatives that the chance of surprise is almost at a minimum.

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THE official apologia of the German authorities has continued unabated. The Crown Prince has been followed by Ludendorff, Hindenburg, and Hintze. Von Hintze's childish assertion that whereas the Press of the Central Powers is completely free, in the Entente the newspaper writer who does not represent the Government point of view is simply sent to prison can hardly be expected to convince the Austro-Hungarian public for whose benefit it was made. Indeed, it begins to look very much as if the new German Foreign Secretary were one of those peculiar incompetents produced by the Prussian system, of which Michaelis was so remarkable an example. If so, it is well for us, and we must attach the greater importance to the utterances of the German Army leaders. The crucial point of Ludendorff's statement to "Az Est" is that for the first time one of the German Army leaders defines a German victory as breaking the enemy will to annihilate. The "logical pessimism" rebuked by the egregious Stresemann is penetrating to the highest quarters.

* * *

THE great value of Hindenburg's proclamation is that it affords us authoritative evidence of the ravages which that logical pessimism is making among the German people. The soldiers send our propaganda leaflets home, where they are discussed and devoured. Wild rumors spread over Germany like a wave. This is by far the most serious indication of the weakening of the German moral that we have yet received. Probably Hindenburg himself, Junker to the bone, seriously believes that the nervous anxieties of the German people are largely due to the dissemination of propaganda "poison" by the Allies. To some such unnatural causes must be due the infection of the people of a country where, in his eyes, everything is for the best. Such a conception chimes well with the peculiar naïveté of his assertion that the publication of enemy speeches and reports in Germany is a sign of strength and that it is also a sign of weakness because it allows the poison to find an entrance. Is the weakness in himself, who permits the publication, or in the German body politic, which is so liable to the contagion, or in both? In any case the moment at which the "Kölnische Zeitung" is putting the blame for German disillusionment on the Wolff Bureau is not the time for the German authorities to celebrate the freedom of the German press.

THE report that Dr. Solf may be appointed German Chancellor in the place of Count Hertling is of the utmost importance. It comes from the "Leipziger Tageblatt," one of the very few National Liberal journals which have really remained Liberal, and a paper of solid standing. Solf's appointment would mean a very genuine defeat of the Pan-Germans, not a "camouflaged" retirement, as the "Times" is suggesting as part of its Never-Ending propaganda. His strength would be based on the support of the democratic elements in Germany. More important still, he would be in a stronger position as against the German military authorities than any war-time Chancellor has been before him. Before the change in Germany's military fortunes, at the time of von Hintze's appointment, it was he who informed the Copenhagen "Politiken" that the Chancellor's ambiguous utterances about Belgium really meant that Germany was ready to restore Belgium in exchange for the return of her Colonies, an explanation which roused the wrath of the Pan-Germans. In his recent speech, he took the further important step of admitting that there was no finality about the German arrangements in the East. In other words, if he is the German peace-Chancellor, he will not be suspect for inconsistency. He would only have to develop his present line of thought to make a declaration which might serve as a proper basis of peace negotiations.

* * *

It is not impossible that the present mention of his name is intended to sound us as to whether he would be regarded in this country as a fit and proper person with whom to conduct negotiations. If so, the answer should be in the affirmative, for he is a man—almost the only man—who has never at any time identified himself with German Might-policy. But the fact that we believe Solf to be honest and reasonable cannot at this juncture lead us to dispense with the necessary securities, which must consist in public and unambiguous declarations concerning Belgium and the East and Alsace-Lorraine, backed by the formal resolution of the majority of the Reichstag. That should suffice. But it is not unreasonable to demand this as a necessary pre-condition. The events of the past year have shown that we cannot trust the pledge of German statesmen so long as the least element of obscurity remains in them. The reception of Lord Robert Cecil's Swedish interview in the "Berliner Tageblatt," for instance, plainly shows that our right to safeguard ourselves is recognized by honest Germans. But if the report takes substance, and Solf is actually appointed, there is a way out. The further reports as to the possible appointment of Erzberger and Scheidemann leave us cold. Without a Parliamentary system, Parliamentary appointments, as the conduct of von Payer as Vice-Chancellor has demonstrated, are worthless. More important is the suggestion that Solf's appointment was discussed in Vienna, for there is reason to believe that at the recent conference at German Headquarters the Emperor Charles again played a manly part.

* * *

HANS DELBRÜCK's article in the "Preussische Jahrbücher" and Count Czernin's speech on peace by understanding and a League of Nations are typical of the voices of reason which are now being heard in the Central Empires. There is this difference between them, that Delbrück is reasonable by conviction and Czernin by opportunism. Czernin's responsibility for the Brest peace has made him suspect to moderate men not merely among the Entente but in his own country, and his public identification of himself with the German hegemony in Austria will probably make impossible his resumption of the office which he is evidently trying to regain. More to the point from him than advocacy of the League of Nations would be a public confession that the Brest treaty must be subject to the revision of the concert of nations. Delbrück's attack on the pan-Germans, and, above all, upon Hertling and the Centrum elements in the Reichstag majority for the duplicity with which they have infected German policy, has the great advantage that it comes from a man who has represented moderate

views almost since the beginning of the war, who supported all the reasonable tendencies in Bethmann-Hollweg, and always considered that the Chancellor's admission of the wrong done to Belgium was a piece of honesty of which Germany might be proud. Germany must purge herself of the pan-Germans. Has she the will or the power to do it? The peace of the world waits on the answer.

ALTHOUGH the conclusion of the supplementary treaty between Germany and Russia completely satisfies the German Jingo, it has been a serious shock to those of Turkey, against whom the provision by which Germany agrees not to countenance any further disruption of the Russian Empire is principally directed. It is, of course, an essential part of the German Imperialists' plans that Turkey should not be allowed to forego her claim to the restoration of Mesopotamia and Palestine or to compensate herself in advance for their loss by acquisitions in the Caucasus. By the supplementary treaty, therefore, Germany has made of the ally on whom her scheme of world policy substantially rested a potential enemy. To placate Turkey, the condominium in the Northern Dobrudja, which is a source of permanent irritation to Bulgaria, was introduced. But world policy could not stand up against the covetous Prussian desire for Esthonia and Livonia. Talaat Pasha's journey to Berlin is obviously for the purpose of asking why Turkey was not consulted before the new agreement was made. Probably he will be assured that Turkey has full liberty to go ahead in the Caucasus and that Germany's guarantee of Russian integrity, now that it has served its purpose, is merely platonic. But Talaat may not be reassured. He is clearly nervous about the war, and wants it to stop before Turkey loses everything. And Talaat is probably the most powerful man in Turkish politics.

THE differences of opinion which exist within the Italian Government with regard to the policy to be pursued towards the South Slavs evidently remain acute. Comment in the Italian Press on the Cabinet meeting of September 7th, at which this was undoubtedly the principal subject discussed, were heavily censored, and for the moment the bitter polemic which is being conducted between Sonnino's organ, the "Giornale d'Italia," which professes to know that the South Slavs are pro-Austrian, and the "Corriere della Sera" has been perforce interrupted. The assurances of the "Epoca" that there is unanimity of views, but divergence of temperament, is likely to deceive no one. But the situation is also obscure so far as Sonnino's aims are concerned. He may be pressing for the maintenance of the extreme claims of Italian imperialism—monstrous birth—or he may be advocating a wise policy of temporization towards the Hapsburg Empire. Though we are willing to admit that there is now little chance of the satisfactory reform of Austria-Hungary before the termination of the war, we are still convinced that the federalization of Austria under the Hapsburgs is the solution which lies in the true interests of ourselves and the world's peace. A policy of temporization may enable us to exercise a decisive influence on the reshaping of the Empire at the conclusion of peace, and in view of the probability that the Emperor Charles has again been making a manful stand against Berlin during August it is the obvious duty of the Entente not to commit itself to an attitude of permanent hostility to him.

"PRAVDA" gives a version of the events which led to Captain Cromie's death in the British Consulate at Petrograd very different to that supplied to the English public. It asserts that forty persons were found on the premises and arrested, among them being an extreme counter-revolutionary in the person of Prince Shakovskoi. The Soviet Government further declares that Mr. Lockhart was conducting negotiations with the commander of the Lettish Soviet regiments, who reported them to his

Government and was by it ordered to allow them to continue. If these things are really so, it is evident that the Bolsheviks had an excuse for their action in searching the Petrograd Consulate, *not* the Embassy, for documents. Mr. Lockhart was the duly accredited British representative with the Soviet Government. It is hardly conceivable that he should have conducted an anti-Soviet conspiracy on his own initiative. The conclusion—if the "Pravda" account is really true—is that the British Government took advantage of diplomatic immunity to plot against the Soviet régime. In this case we certainly have no right to denounce the killing of Captain Cromie as a brutal murder. The Soviet was defending itself. Though we can hardly accept the "Pravda" account of the matter as final, we must insist that further information should be given. The charges must be met, if only to clear our own good name.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE has started on a tour in Lancashire and the North, with the object of harvesting a series of municipal honours in Manchester and elsewhere. Labor has not associated itself with this testimonial; as Falstaff said when he was told he owed God a death, "'tis not due yet." What Mr. George does owe the nation is a policy, and that is overdue. Winning the war is not one; it is the soldiers' rather than the politicians' task, and it is practically done. The business of statesmanship is to attain to the right kind of peace, and considering the complexity, the peril, and the wickedness of the struggle, to attain it at the earliest possible moment. What is Mr. George's idea of the method and the main content of the settlement? This he has never revealed save in meagre outline. Nevertheless, all but the unthinking and the zealots of war, those "vultures with iron bowels," would rejoice to see the leaders of the nation beginning to build a bridge over the torrent.

THE issue of the report on German treatment of the natives of South-West Africa is, of course, an act of propaganda, designed to prove German unfitness to retain any colonising power in the African Continent. We have not examined it thoroughly, but its general case is irrefutable, and, in outline, is indeed familiar. Germany disgraced herself in South-West Africa as she disgraced herself in Belgium. The evidence is overwhelming; the admissions of ex-German Governmental and military officers in the South-West colony—Leutwein, Seitz, and others—tell a common tale of treachery, cruelty, and coarse egoism. From beginning to end of their rule the German administrators had one main idea of policy, to turn the landowning natives into landless workmen, and replace them by German colonists. There are one or two passages in our own Colonial history which may similarly, we are afraid, be quoted against us; Mr. Rhodes's conquest of Mashonaland and Matabeleland is one of them. But nothing to our debit reads like the slaughter of 60,000 Hereros. This act was that of the monster, von Trotha, in whose presence many of the resulting atrocities took place. Thousands were shot, many were burned alive; neither age nor sex was spared. A great proportion of the victims of these massacres—Hereros, Hottentots, and Bastards—were better than savages; had indeed advanced some steps towards civilization.

THE moral is a difficult one. Our existing treatment of natives is, of course, based on law, and in feeling and morals is long leagues ahead of the administration of German South-West Africa. But a Court does not take for granted evidence of character adduced by one claimant against another. And the Court in this case is the civilized world. The Germans are disqualified on their own testimony. But the verdict would seem to be in favor of an international code of native law, and a joint guarantee of its impartial and universal application. We are not likely to come badly out of the test. But we can hardly act as judge and jury in our own case.

Politics and Affairs.

A MESSAGE FROM LAODICEA.

POLITICS is a profession, and the General Committee of the National Liberal Federation are experienced practitioners. They will therefore have been prepared for a rather frigid reception of their electoral programme. The country has ceased to reside in the political zone. In common with the rest of the world, it might welcome a Leader or a General; almost any kind of personality, indeed, but a Thinker or a Saint. But it is not athirst for a series of political propositions. So it lifts a preoccupied eye to observe the old folks at the old game. Noting that they are still phrase-making, it turns to the war news, or endeavors to accommodate its harassed mind to the last freak of the latest "Control."

In spite of these disadvantages of time and audience, we cannot but think that the leaders of Liberalism have missed an opportunity, perhaps a last opportunity, of appearing as a decisive force on the great field of international polity. In difficult times principles count as well as personalities. A terrible event is upon us; and in this country a dangerous man steers a light course through its currents. But a considerable mass of sober opinion remains in practical opposition, with a greater mass of generous, if not always well-directed, force behind it. Liberalism still stands, or should stand, for this first strain in the national consciousness. Thirty or forty years ago, it was the main expression of a policy morally timorous indeed, but humane and progressive. Peace, Liberty, Economy, Free Industry were the watch-words of this older Liberalism. It attached a restricted meaning to them all. But in their full significance, Peace, Liberty, Economy, and Free Industry remain the master-keys of the society of the future. They are linked to a host of new concepts, which in their turn open up wide variations of the old middle-class economics. But nearly all the later political movements have been more or less conscious expansions of them. Socialism was an effort to realize the full content of liberty for the mass of the people, just as to the enlightened Free Trader internationalism was the political complement of his vision of trade, not as a kind of war, but as an outlet for man's co-operative energy. Peace furnished the apostolate of Liberalism, and yielded its more shining feats in popular leadership. Its last great statesman quitted office on a question of armaments. Its finest orator was a Quaker

To-day, what a change! British Liberalism was in no sense the author of this war. The worst that can be said of the Ministries of 1906 to 1914 was that they lacked the moral force to combat the growing materialism of Continental policy. They could not imitate German militarism; but they were not negligent of defence, and they honestly tried to satisfy whatever was reasonable in German ambitions. And it will always stand to Mr. Asquith's credit that, when war broke out, he pointed the way, in brief but adequate phrasing, to a new international order. But the immense event slipped from his control, and under his successor every jot and tittle of Liberal idealism passed out of our conduct of the war. Voluntary service, Free Trade, civil liberty either disappeared or were badly compromised. The rights of conscience, the most sacred thing in the life of man, were evaded or denied. Home Rule was tossed aside, and Sir Edward Carson taken into the Prime Minister's closest counsels. Parliament almost ceased to be a party to the war. Treaties of mere convenience were negotiated (and here the blame rests mainly on the first Coalition)

on lines inconsistent with democracy and with Liberal principles of settlement. Not one helpful deed, or word of honest sympathy, passed from the British Ministry to the authors of the first Russian Revolution. Government was sliced up into Committees; and in time a fissiparous spawn of bureaucracy covered the land. Our aims were coarsened, and the war treated as a rude struggle for physical mastery. The cause of Liberalism passed from our keeping to America's.

We think that the time has come for the Liberal leaders to mark this later course of our political history, and to make a bold stroke for the future. The war, as an agent for repelling a German supremacy of Europe, is essentially won. The task remains of restoring sanity and security to the society it has almost destroyed. What are to be the character and the cement of the new structure? If it is to be built up of the old scheme of Power-balances, the conscript nation, the rivalry of armaments, and the rule of the Veiled Prophets of Cabinet and Embassy, then youth has been cruelly deceived, and the Governments of Europe may yet sustain the utmost effort of their despair. Is there no danger of such an issue of the war? There is. We have much lip-service at the altar of the League of Nations. But in every one of the combatant countries, save America, either the Governments, or the men who move Governments, have already taken steps to make a unitary, reconciled, international society impossible. Many powerful men have their projects for the re-erection of freshly fortified zones of exclusive wealth and power. The Pan-Germans would make an enclosure of Central Europe. Our Protectionists would build a wall round the ocean itself. There is to be a rule of Democracy? Who will democratize? Are the people, who are told nothing about the war, save what their rulers like them to know, to know everything about the policy of the peace? Are their Parliaments to know? What has Mr. George done to Parliament but corrupt it? The only effort of reconstruction in international policy has come from the Labor Party, and when they would spread the light and draw Socialist Germany into the war on militarism, Government stops the way.

It is at this point that the Liberal intervention should have come in. It is the business of Liberalism to stand between the living and the dead, and firmly uniting itself with the American President and the Labor Party, to throw the weight of its experience into the fight for a new and better management of the world. It could not, of course, withhold its support from the Executive force so long as the war promised any success for Germany. But it should be equally clear in repudiating the wrong kind of peace, a punitive peace, a territorial peace, a peace of trade preference and trade boycotts, any kind of peace, indeed, save a true peace of the League. That a good peace carries with it the fall of the militarist autocracy in Central Europe and of its doctrine of might, we have no doubt whatever, and it is a prime object of Liberalism to see that dark idol overthrown. It is also its object to shake this country free of complicity with the European and the British reaction. The war has revealed the complete moral degeneration of Imperialist Germany. It has also exhibited the extraordinary force of her example. Prussianism has fought Prussianism; it has been a War Office war, and if the present Coalition holds, it will be a War Office peace. Here much depends on the co-operation of Liberal England and Liberal America. The war which closes on an unfree Ireland and a Russia of the Tears is a defeat for both these forces, which no rearrangement of the nearer Slav nationalities of Eastern Europe can qualify.

It is difficult to read these redemptive purposes into the vague and unemphatic phrasing of the Liberal manifesto. It declares for a "just and lasting peace," and leaves Lord Northcliffe to adjust his ideas of justice and permanence with those of Lord Lansdowne. It promises support for the Executive in the prosecution of the war, and abstains from any word of guidance as to the method of ending it. It declares for Free Trade, and its language is that of conviction. But it is silent on the economic war after war. It declares for Home Rule, and for the return of our lost civil liberties "as soon as possible after the restoration of the peace." But it fails to define the ground from which alone these aspirations can rise, and become realities in the life of the peoples. What of conscription? It has proved the test and the seal of the slavery of Europe. Is it to be retained? Is the citizen to be free or unfree? The hopes of millions rest on the answer to that question. The Federation does not answer it. And it cannot be answered unless Liberalism has made up its mind to strike with all its force for a peace of security and complete disinterestedness, stripped of the punitive idea, of the exclusive or the Imperial trade idea, no less than of the war *à outrance*, binding Germany to a complete and formal abandonment of her possessive ambitions in Eastern and Western Europe, but binding her also to disarmament and to full and equal membership of an international covenant. That is the true Liberal manifesto. But no congregation of Laodicea can issue it.

THE TURNING POINT.

"It cannot really make any difference to us whether our defence is taken up at Arras or Cambrai so long as it is firmly conducted. The most important success, and the one which we must regard as most serious, lies in the fact that he (the enemy) has been able to carry this offensive with such powerful and ever fresh *élan* for a whole month—under the direction of such an able supreme military command." — *The "Frankfurter Zeitung" Military Correspondent.*

AFTER seven weeks of almost continuous fighting the belligerents on the Western front are back once more on almost exactly the same positions as the Germans overran six months ago with the declared intention and every hope of securing a decision. They made no secret of their intentions nor of their assurance, and seven weeks ago no one in this country would have ventured to suggest that we should now be where we are. Three great blows were delivered which only just failed of their effect. The enemy attempted to cut the Allied armies asunder and was only brought to a halt when the division was almost achieved. While we were still reeling under this blow he tried to force his way to the Channel and cut off the Ypres group of troops; and he had his foot on the last defences when again he was brought to bay. He endeavored to clear his left flank for the final blow, and reached Chateau-Thierry. It must have seemed to the German Staff that the time was ripe for the decisive action. Yet on that day in July when the Crown Prince's armies struck on both sides of Reims it was at once clear that the German plans were not being realised. It is already almost impossible to remember how bad the outlook seemed for the Allies when Foch delivered his counter-blow towards Soissons which emphasised this fact; and since then one stroke has followed another with astonishing precision, until the results of Ludendorff's offensive are now reversed. The last month has seen the recovery of the British Army, which, before Amiens, at Bapaume, and near Arras has taken its revenge for the defeats of March and April. There have been great captures of prisoners and a large number of guns; vast accumulations of ammunition and much war material of every description have been taken. The whole episode constitutes the first phase of the Allied counter-offensive, and we have no hesitation in regarding it as a very

wonderful achievement, inspired by enlightened strategy, conducted with skilful tactics which have reduced losses to a minimum, and marked by the courage and resolution that seem native in the Western Allies.

But while this is true, it is necessary that we should survey the position more objectively. The German theory of the phase which has just ended is that their troops sought to achieve a decision and failed, and that we are now back actually and potentially at March 21st. They regard the fixed positions (the Hindenburg line and its continuations) upon which substantially they had been maintaining themselves for almost a year, despite the Allied offensive, as a sort of frontier. It had always been determined that if they went to war, they would endeavor to fight in the enemy's territory, live on it, and prey upon it. While a war of movements is possible, such a "frontier" is not only useless, it is irrelevant. But if, perchance, circumstances should throw them back upon the defensive, it was necessary that an impregnable bastion should be formed in enemy territory, not only to preserve their own country from devastation, but even more to filch our resources and weaken our purpose to continue the struggle. In March, Ludendorff, determining to make an end, advanced from these positions and sought to secure a decision. Instead of this, he merely achieved an alignment which, in view of his losses, progressively made his force weaker and weaker than that of the Allies. When he struck east and west of Reims his available force was probably only a little weaker than that of the Allies; but if he had extended his line further he would have made it relatively *considerably* weaker. The line would have been longer, and would have necessitated a greater number of troops to hold it. The Allies would also have had to put a greater force into the line; but in a progressive weakening which is equal for two numerical bodies, the disadvantage is to the weaker. Conversely, a shortened line, which is in effect a progressive strengthening of both sides, gives the advantage to the weaker. Failing to secure a decision, new strength could only be drawn from a retirement and a shortening of the line.

This is a perfectly sound balancing of the account, and in resolving to regard the positions won since March 21st as a "forward zone" in advance of the fighting zone (the fortified lines), Ludendorff showed a correct appreciation of the implications of his inferiority numerically, strategically, and tactically. It matters little that he did not come to this decision except under extreme compulsion. What must be borne in mind is that, if Ludendorff could have got back to the Hindenburg line without losing more men and material than we, he would have been relatively stronger than the Allies except for the difference between the Allied reinforcement and his own. This, of course, could not be neglected, and neither can we neglect the difference between the Allied and the German losses. But we must at least realize that these considerations are not as yet decided in our favor to such an extent that we can safely predict that the Germans will not be successful in restoring the elastic defensive of last year. They are only now to be put to the supreme test.

The Hindenburg line and its numerous shadowy switches behind, constitute, in effect, a vast redoubt between Arras and Reims. We made little impression on it in a whole year's battering. What are our chances of forcing it now? We have an advantage in generalship. Ludendorff has too much of the gambler in him. He has consistently played for stakes which, history warns the wise, have never been won and held; and like most gamblers he changed his choice when the only glimmer of reason that motivated it should have impelled him to be constant. When he struck in the Lys valley he produced a mere dispersal of his own force. Foch, on the other hand, has carefully articulated a series of less ambitious thrusts all of which were almost certain to succeed once the first went home. There has so far been no sign of indecision and no sign of slackening. Before one blow has been quite spent, another has been launched, and the cumulative effect has been very great. The consideration of generalship is especially relevant at present, since it is obvious that the vast German redoubt may be

turned by its flanks. Foch cannot very easily articulate a blow at the flank in the same way that he has linked up his past advances. But he has secured a maximum concentration of the enemy upon the Hindenburg positions, and having the initiative, this will counterbalance the dispersion of effort necessitated by a divergent stroke. He may strike on the Eastern sector of the front, knowing it is weaker; and a success there would eventually turn the Hindenburg line. We can hardly expect him to admit the restoration of the rhythm of last year, and there are a northern and a southern flank which would make the Hindenburg positions as useless as those already abandoned.

But even these positions cannot be considered impregnable. Our new tactical method has made them hitherto almost a handicap. The Drocourt-Quéant switch line was one of the most strongly fortified sectors of the front, and it was overrun with comparative ease. The tanks are a complete answer to the old-style positional warfare, and there is as yet no effective reply to them. Deep trenches, as wide as the length of a tank, with vertical sides, would stop tanks until the trenches were pounded to loose soil by the guns. Rivers can be bridged, and if they are no bar to infantry they will not prevent tanks advancing. Marshes are a more serious obstacle; but even they can be crossed. The Germans may attempt to put rivers between them and the tanks; but even a river line can be turned. We have, further, the advantage of an Air Service whose superiority, relative to the enemy, is constantly increasing. Finally, there is a constant recruitment of troops of first-rate physique and unequalled courage and dash. The American troops are equal to a new tactical method, and they have already carried positions which must have seemed safe enough to anyone.

But we must realize that we have not proved these things, as seems to be supposed. They are about to be put to the proof. We are not about to reap the fruits of the past weeks: we are about to try their virtue. We are at a turning-point of the war. The next week or two will show what the next phase is to be. It is our purpose to keep the war of movements still in being until the time arrives for a more decisive blow. So far the enemy has been fighting rearguard actions, and a rearguard action is not intended to stop an advance. Its rôle is really to check it and hold it off the retiring columns of the main army. It is only unsuccessful when it fails to achieve this result, and Ludendorff's claim to have withdrawn the bulk of his army must be admitted. We are now in touch with the main force of the enemy, and the nature of the new phase will appear within a week or two.

WHAT GERMANY CAN DO.

At the end of August Lord Robert Cecil gave an interview of much importance to the London correspondent to the Swedish "Stockholms Tidningen." The interview was, as far as we know, ignored by, or kept from the knowledge of the English Press. Therefore we have no scruple in reproducing its substance, which is of double significance as containing at once a reasoned defence of English policy on the vital matter of peace and an incisive attack upon that part of the German system which is most vulnerable. In reply to the assumption upon which were based two recent peace articles in "Allehanda" and "Aftonbladet," that neither side believed in final victory, Lord Robert declared that this was true as regards Germany but false as regards the Entente. Foch's successes and the constant stream of American reinforcements gave us every reason for confidence. We had no desire to take revenge on the German people or to threaten the future prosperity of Germany; but we were determined that Germany should make full reparation for the wrongs done by her, above all to Belgium. We would lose no time in vain discussions until Germany had clearly rejected the policy of armaments and might. Whatever elements there might be desirous of negotiations in Germany, they were at the moment plainly under the influence of stronger elements, who agreed with Freytag-Loringhoven that no

policy could have permanent results which was not based upon might. This point of view was incompatible with negotiations even if those who held it were persuaded by recent events that it would be a good thing for them to lie low and allow those inclined for negotiations to take their place on the stage. The might-politicians would make way only for a moment; they would return to concentrate their whole energies on preparation for future wars. As Wangenheim said to Morgenthau in Constantinople, they had made a mistake; next time they would see that they had five years' copper and cotton in hand.

As for negotiations now, said Lord Robert Cecil, even if they brought peace they would only postpone the final struggle between Might and Right.

"It would only be a patched up armistice between those who did homage to the view that world dominion belonged to the Power which could enforce its will by blood and iron and those who believe that the nations can live in peace and friendship in an association which should erect an international system for law and order of the same kind as that which prevails between individuals in all civilised nations."

Between supporters of these opposed ideas no understanding was possible. This could be seen in Germany itself, where a deep gulf divided the Pan-Germans and the reasonable people who comprehended the spirit of the age and rejected medieval ideas. Lord Robert quoted a cogent passage from Hans Delbrück in the "Preussische Jahrbücher" for August:

"... No one can bring us peace who has not first declared war on Pan-Germanism. One cannot ask of the English that they should believe in the honesty of our will to peace, if at the same time the Pan-Germans are allowed to hope that the authorities are their secret friends and trusty comrades."

From this and a similar passage from the "Münchner Neueste Nachrichten" Lord Robert concluded that Germany was divided into two camps, of which one shared the Entente view of the Pan-Germans. These must see that we could not conclude an armistice with people who were determined to prosecute their ambitions no matter what it should cost Germany and the world. Facts were yet more eloquent than words. Germany had obtained dominion over the Baltic provinces by threatening Russia, and thus had secured a Pan-German aim of many years' standing. The modern men opposed it; but the men of the Middle Ages won. Dr. Solf declared that Germany's enemies did not want to negotiate; he should have added, so long as German policy is controlled by the spirit of the Middle Ages.

"With the German nation when it had cleaned itself of Pan-Germanism, and shown, not by words only, but by deeds that it repents its misdeeds in the past and is ready to live a healthy and peaceful life in the League of Nations, the Allies could conclude an honourable peace; but with those who hold fast to the view that national policy must be based on power and deny the possibility that right can be made the foundation of the world-order, no negotiations can be conducted."

How true and how cogent was Lord Robert Cecil's arraignment of Germany is proved beyond cavil by the fact that on two successive days the editor of the "Berliner Tageblatt" frankly admitted its truth. Freytag-Loringhoven and Solf, he wrote, were indeed the spokesmen of two Germanies. The fact could not be denied; it was made visible every day. The test was the Russian peace. The men of the Middle Ages had won. It was true. It was also true that if they concluded peace now they would not allow the world to have peace, and things would go on as they had gone before. Perhaps the Reichstag when it met would show whether they are as powerful as Lord Robert thinks—"the Reichstag which has committed sins of omission innumerable." Only one thing Lord Robert must not forget. Though there are two Germanies, there is only one when the German people are threatened—not by Lord Robert, but by certain of his colleagues—with shattering defeats, and final overthrow.

More remarkable still than these positive admissions of the great democratic organ of Berlin is its tacit

consent to Lord Robert's thesis that the attempt will be made, is indeed 'actually being made, to thrust the reasonable men forward as the spokesmen of an unchanged Germany. By its silence it agrees that we have the right to demand not words only but acts, which will show that the Pan-German spirit has been exorcised. The great question for us and the world is: What are these acts to be? Will reasonable England agree with reasonable Germany as to their nature? Are we asking more or less than the public acceptance of President Wilson's terms, and those not his four points but his fourteen?

In a sense Lord Robert is asking less, for he is asking for a Germany with which we can negotiate with confidence in her good faith. The complete acceptance of our terms precludes negotiations. We have, or we should have, no desire to impose a Brest-Litovsk peace on Germany and to proclaim to the world that it is a peace of understanding. But something visible and unmistakable must happen in Germany before that confidence in her good faith is possible now. It is not we alone who demand it. The "Berliner Tageblatt," as we have seen, also demands it. And not only the "Berliner Tageblatt." Conrad Haussmann, the Württemberg Progressive leader, in a speech made almost at the moment that Lord Robert's interview was given, urged that in order to create the atmosphere necessary to peace, not only must Pan-Germans be disowned by the German Government; but that "a visible sudden move" must be made towards democracy. What recognizable form could such a move take? Neither the "Berliner Tageblatt" nor Haussmann hazard an answer to the question they raise. Their silence is so striking that one might almost be inclined to believe that in the hearts of democratic Germany at least the dynasty is indeed in danger. But we need not go so far in our optimism and we must not in our demands. If it is hard to think of a constitutional Hohenzollern, it is harder still to believe that a proud nation, even in defeat, would remove its dynasty at the summons of the enemy.

What is it then that we must demand from Germany? It is easy to say that we demand to see a change of system. Changes of system in war time, unless they rush catastrophically into revolution, have a tendency to move towards, not away, from irresponsible government. The constitutional historian of England may have a strange tale to tell of the evolution of our institutions during the war for liberty. We have learnt that a nation in arms ceases, by the very fact, to be a democracy. It is easier to demand a change of spirit than a change of system. Easier, and in the long run far better, for once the spirit changes, the system can be safely left to look after itself. And the outward and visible sign of a change of spirit in Germany will be a change of men. We desire to see in authority men whom we can trust, as we could trust no one in Germany since Bethmann-Hollweg, who, for all his weakness, was a man who regarded his word as his bond. Hertling is a man whose dishonesty is doubly proven. He would, indeed, be a past-master in dishonesty if he were not so deplorably ingenuous. His reply to Lord Robert's charge that the Pan-Germans have a decisive influence in German policy should be classical in the constitutional history of Germany:

"It is (he said) well known that Germany is ruled by His Majesty the Kaiser in constitutional co-operation with the Bundesrat and the Reichstag. The decisions of the Reichstag have never yet been determined by a single party, whether the Pan-German party or another. As Chancellor of the German Empire I know only German parties and a German policy."

If the Pan-Germans had a majority in the Reichstag and enforced their policy upon the Government, the situation would be deplorable indeed, but it would be better than that which prevails in Germany now. Hertling knows well enough that the decisions of the Reichstag are disregarded, and that because they are disregarded the Reichstag has lost all the sense of political self-respect. Since its attempts to control or even to influence policy are futile, it has resigned even the show of making them. The Brest treaty, the "deepened" alliance with Austria-Hungary, the dismissal of von

Kühlmann, the appointment of von Hintze—these are the cardinal events in German policy during the present year. In each single case the Reichstag was faced with the accomplished fact, and its advice neither sought nor given. Hertling has been the man of the Middle Ages *in excelsis*.

If we British Liberals then demand that Hertling should go, we are not dictating to the German people. There is little doubt that we could trust any statesman whom the German people could trust. The thing should not be so hard for Germany to accomplish. But there is a difference between a Chancellor in whom the majority of the German people trust and one in whom the German Reichstag passes a vote of confidence. The majority which supports the coming Chancellor must make its new resolution definite. In it it must acknowledge the wrong done to Belgium, and offer to restore that country in its entirety; it must acknowledge that Alsace-Lorraine is an international question, and repudiate the veiled annexations which Germany has made in the East. The first renunciation it must make unconditionally, the second and the third perhaps on terms. The coming Chancellor must accept this declaration unequivocally as the basis of his policy. Moreover, the declaration must contain a profession of readiness to enter into a League of Free Nations, and this too the Chancellor must adopt on behalf of the Kaiser and the German Empire.

Then peace would be near indeed. Though great efforts would be made both here and in America to continue the war until the Allied armies marched up the Siegesallee, the conscience of the world would not permit the Allies to reject the offer. That the Reichstag should be prepared to take this step is not impossible. If we allow scope to a good deal of optimism in our estimate of such signs as the opposition of the "Frankfurter" to a premature meeting of the Main Committee, the complete acceptance of Lord Robert Cecil's description of Germany by the "Berliner Tageblatt," Conrad Haussmann's demand for "a visible sudden move" in the direction of democracy, and the general demand that accounts should be settled with the Pan-Germans, we may conclude that there is a small but determined body of men in the Left Wing of the discredited Reichstag Majority which intends to act when the Reichstag meets again. The attempt to act may fail, but it may very well succeed. We can imagine them settling their programme, and uniting in the demand that Solf should be appointed Chancellor and von Hintze replaced, let us say, by Dernburg. If two such men were appointed with a Reichstag backing they would not have to fear the High Command at a moment when, though the German armies are not finally beaten, the system by which Ludendorff dictates high policy has finally failed. If they addressed themselves to the world with the declarations we have supposed, they would have a chance of saving all that can be saved for Germany now. But the change must come, if it is to come at all, well before the General Election here. If it comes there need be no fear that the militarists would emerge again in Germany. The League of Nations would see to that.

FAINT-HEARTED LEAGUERS.

THE statesmen of the European Allies have at last received with friendly greetings President Wilson's great proposal of a League of Nations. But there has been a conspicuous failure in official quarters to realize its supreme importance as the future safeguard of civilization. No Governmental spokesman has thrown his energies into the work of popular propaganda needed to familiarize the general mind with its healing virtues. The fine advocacy of Lord Grey has been received in high quarters with respectful interest, nothing more. It is true that the French Government set an important Commission to work upon the project, but no publicity has yet been given to its Report, and the same darkness shrouds the Report which a Committee of our own Foreign Office is understood to have prepared.

Meanwhile, its enemies are everywhere at work sowing tares. Protectionists and Militarists hate the idea of a League of Nations, because it promises reduced armaments and internationalism. Protectionists value this war as giving them their great opportunity to establish their policy of public plunder under the cloaks of national defence and imperial unity. Militarists value it both for its own sake and as a means of establishing in perpetuity conscription and the military control of policy in every department, foreign and domestic, inclusive of finance, education, and industrial discipline. In every country Protectionism and Militarism are, therefore, uniting to denounce the League of Nations as a dangerous device of pacifism and internationalism. In this country the "Morning Post" has been the most vehement in its hostility. In America this rôle has been assumed by Mr. Roosevelt, in whom personal animosity towards the President coalesces with the temperamental violence of a swashbuckling idealist. In a formal address recently delivered on Lafayette Day, the ex-President, though not daring to reject outright the declared policy of the nation, fastened upon the central pacific purpose of the League as the object of his derision and denunciation. "Any such treaty will be worthless," said the Colonel, "unless our own prepared strength renders it unsafe to break it." And, again, "Let us laugh out of court any assertion that any such plan will guarantee peace and safety to those foolish, weak, or timid creatures who have not the will-power to prepare for their own defence." In other words, Mr. Roosevelt is only for a League on condition that it has no fruit of its great purpose—the reduction of armaments. And in order to secure this condition, he couples his feigned acceptance of the principle of the League with demands for such a carving-up and sharing-out of territories in a dictated peace as would sow the certain seeds of future strife. A Roosevelt peace would thus insure either that the Central Powers refused to enter a League formed by their victorious foes, or that, forced by political and economic necessity to a formal membership, they would preserve an attitude of such evident hostility as would oblige the Allied nations to keep their armaments intact.

If the earnest advocates of a League of Peace are to see the consummation of their project, they must work at once with more discretion and more valor than they have hitherto betrayed. Both in America and here they have been so eager to disconnect their proposal from any bearing on the possibility of an earlier end of hostilities, as to give it an air of artifice or unreality. It is quite true that the permanent value of the idea consists in the security it offers against the outbreak of future wars. But is there any reason why such healing virtues as it might contain for the earlier or easier settlement of this war should not be allowed to operate? Suppose that the Allied Governments even now, at this late hour, were to proclaim their fixed intention to propose in the Peace Conference the foundation of a League, in the construction of which all the Powers should be invited to take part on equal terms, with a view to securing pacific arrangements for the settlement of all disputes, an immediate and large reduction of armaments, and equality of economic opportunities for foods and raw materials? Would not such a step operate at once to weaken the militarist and strengthen the pacific forces in every enemy country? Could any German Government withstand its steady pressure?

The fact is that the schemes, admirable in themselves, elaborated by such bodies as the American League to Enforce Peace and the British League of Nations Society, fail to rouse enthusiasm because they appear adumbrations of some distant ideal instead of vehicles for the sentiments of horror for war and passionate enthusiasm for peace, to which, nevertheless, they make formal appeal. There is some lack of faith as well as some excessive timidity in the recent drafts both of the American and the British Societies. If a League of Nations is to have efficacy, it must be realized as a foundation of a future International Government. Though but a limited advance towards this great ideal may now be possible, we think that both Societies are

over-cautious in their insistence that no State should be called upon to make any cession of sovereign rights. Strictly interpreted, that condition is fatal to the efficacy of any international arrangements. Absolute sovereign independence will have to go the way of every other political absolutism. Human justice and progress demand that this conception of nationality yield before the principle of federalism. The pace of this change cannot indeed safely be forced. But it is foolish to pretend to adhere to an outworn principle which will be used to block every step in internationalism. The same timidity of outlook is discernible alike in the excessive and the defective part assigned to sanctions in the American and British plans. The framers of these plans are evidently so convinced that foreign offices and diplomatists are going to impose their obstinate wills and antique notions upon the League that it is useless to invite nations to enter into any agreement to make good their will for peace beyond the limits of a period of delay. Nations are to agree to compel the submission of a dispute to due process of judicial settlement or conciliation, but they cannot be expected to compel the acceptance of an award or a recommendation. Now, valuable as we deem this security for a fair hearing, we do not believe that the peoples will be satisfied that this marks the utmost limit to which sovereignty can be diminished and effective international co-operation can be established in the near future. We believe that, when the purpose of the League is more generally grasped, there will spring up an irresistible demand that no member of the League shall be at liberty to defy the will and judgment of the League as expressed through its impartial instruments. Physical force is not the only nor the chief medium of the will of the League. Economic pressure will be probably the main weapon. Nor do we feel that these Societies are sufficiently alive to the vitally important work which a League ought to perform outside its purely peace-preserving function by promoting the will of constructive international co-operation.

In their desire to be severely practical and to shun the opprobrium of idealism, these Leagues may fail to put to the best use the enthusiasm and political energy which are everywhere at their disposal if they will preach a fuller-blooded gospel of salvation. They are not themselves the Governments, weighed down by old traditions. It is not for them to ask "How little need we do? What is the minimum advance which unenlightened statesmen can be expected to make towards an international arrangement?" As exponents and advocates of a new plan of life for nations they should take their courage in both hands and preach the fuller gospel, leaving it to hardened politicians of the older school, assisted by the forces of militarism and protectionism in every country, to whittle down the purposes and aims of their plan and reduce it to impotence, if they can. Critics arise on every side to pick flaws in the new proposals, to tell us the abolition of war is an empty dream, "not even a beautiful dream," some add. Nations, they say, will continue to trust to the strength of their own right hand and such allies as they can find. Our nation like the rest must keep perpetually in arms, devoting all its surplus of human energy to the task of national defence. Our industrial life, our commerce and finance, must all be pressed into the moulds of militarism. Every craving for individual liberty must yield to the demands of the armed State. Our education and all the activities of the higher life must be brought into conformity with the same national needs. And all this not to purchase security, but to teach us to live dangerously and to ensure that we do so!

This is the alternative to the achievement of a League of Nations. But those who realize its meaning will not be content to dwell upon the obstacles which beset that achievement, but will bend all their energies to discover how these difficulties may be overcome. They will then discover that they are all spiritual and intellectual difficulties, which may yield to faith and an intelligent apprehension of the dread alternative. The peoples, at any rate, will hear this gospel gladly, and in a world made safe for democracy the peoples should have a decisive voice.

THE MORAL OF THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS.

As the result of last week's Trades Union Congress at Derby, the barometer of Labor politics has in effect registered "No Change." It is true that Mr. Havelock Wilson and his friends sustained two crushing defeats on their principal proposals; but these defeats were fully expected, and had been proclaimed in advance by Mr. Havelock Wilson himself. This, of course, does not make them the less satisfactory or conclusive, and the overwhelming majority by which the previous question was carried on the resolution dealing with the proposed boycott of Germany after the war should serve to bring encouragement to all friends of a real international settlement. In this resolution, Mr. Wilson and the Sailors' and Firemen's Union had artfully strung together two quite unconnected questions—a vigorous protest against the barbarities of German submarine warfare and a demand for reparation on the one hand, and a proposal for a five years' boycott of Germany and all things German on the other. It was perfectly clear that the first part of this resolution commanded overwhelming, if not universal, support. But it was no less clear that the motive behind the combination of the two questions in one resolution was generally appreciated. The delegates, who wanted to vote for the first part and against the second, very sensibly found refuge in the motion for the previous question moved by Mr. Ben Smith.

No less decisively, the Congress rejected a motion in favor of the previous question on the other resolution, moved by Mr. Davis, of the Brassworkers, and supported by Mr. Wilson. This advocated the formation of a separate Trade Union Labor Party from the Unions affiliated to the Congress. Here, too, the motive was plain. The comparatively courageous international policy of Mr. Henderson and the Labor Party seriously incommodes and threatens the interests and opinions for which Mr. Wilson and his friends speak. Accordingly, their aim was to exploit the feeling of jealousy against the "intellectuals" who are finding their way into the Labor movement, and of hostility to the Socialists of the Independent Labor Party, which does exist in some Trade Unionist circles. With the aid of this feeling, they hoped to be able to embarrass, if not actually to split, the Labor Party, and to check its efforts towards an international solution. Seeing this design, the Congress overwhelmingly rejected a motion for the previous question, insisted on a straight vote on the resolution, and defeated the proposal by over three and a half millions to rather more than half-a-million votes. Mr. Havelock Wilson, of course, like all minorities at the Congress, accused the block vote of causing his defeat, and announced his intention of carrying on a vigorous campaign in the country and taking a referendum among the rank and file.

Once more it is easy to interpret Mr. Havelock Wilson's meaning. He and those whom he represents will leave nothing undone that may serve to hamper the Labor Party in its work for a People's Peace, whether during a General Election or at any other time.

It may occasion surprise that, in these circumstances, Mr. Havelock Wilson and his two principal supporters, Mr. Davis and Mr. J. B. Williams, secured election to the new Parliamentary Committee. To be surprised, however, is to misunderstand the mind of Congress. Mr. Davis and Mr. Williams were re-elected to seats which they held last year; while Mr. Havelock Wilson owed his election, near the bottom of the list, to a personal popularity which his aberrations have not yet had time to destroy. The whole temper of the Congress, as well as the complete failure of the huge "free lunch" addressed by Mr. Hughes, showed that Mr. Wilson's policy has behind it only an insignificant fraction of Labor opinion.

The other event of greatest importance at the Congress was the speech of Mr. Samuel Gompers as fraternal delegate from the American Federation of Labor. Mr. Gompers's coming had been loudly heralded in the Jingo Press; we had been told again and again that he had come post-haste from the United States in order to give Mr. Henderson and his friends a trouncing;

and all the "intransigent" Labor leaders had gone wild with delight at his coming. It is too soon yet to say that their expectations have been disappointed; but it is at least very clear that Mr. Gompers means to feel his way warily, like the astute politician that he is. The very gesture with which he swept away a part of his notes, and announced that he was "shortening his line on the international front" was an eloquent testimony to the impression which the Congress had already made upon him. The truth is, of course, that in America Mr. Gompers had been regularly fed with lies about the Labor Movement in this country. Probably he arrived in this country under the impression, which is so sedulously fostered by the enemies of Labor, that a few wire-pullers had captured the official organization of the Labor Party, and that, at a word from his magic voice, the trade unions would flock to the standard of Mr. Appleton, Mr. Havelock Wilson, and, incidentally, Mr. Lloyd George. If so, his first day's experience at Congress, before he was called upon to speak, must have given him a rapid awakening; for he could hardly have helped realizing that the preponderant feeling at Congress was decisively for the Labor Party and against Mr. Havelock Wilson and his friends. His experiences at Derby may have done Mr. Gompers a world of good.

On the other hand, it would be unwise to build too much on Mr. Gompers's care and reticence at Derby. His character is well known: he is one of the cleverest wire-pullers in America, and his personal power has enabled him to maintain against all comers for more than a generation undisputed ascendancy in the American Trade Union Movement. He has, on many occasions, expressed himself decisively in favor of war to a finish and against any meeting of the International during the war. He is deeply committed to a policy differing from that of Mr. Henderson, and his present reticence gives no reason for supposing that he has changed his mind. Next week's Inter-Allied Labor and Socialist Conference in London will afford him a further opportunity of showing his hand, and it is very probable that he may prefer to reserve his big guns for that occasion.

Altogether, then, the Trades Union Congress has not brought about any change in the political situation. On the industrial side, it has taken several steps of importance. The battle between the old unionism and the new, between craft and industrial unionism, has been renewed, and is complicated by the rise to power of the less-skilled workers who are organized in the great General Labor Unions. The Congress took an important step when it committed itself, by a small majority, to look with favor on organization by industry, and instructed the Parliamentary Committee to address itself seriously to the formulation of a scheme of industrial organization providing for craft interests.

These purely industrial questions, however, seemed for the time almost side-issues in comparison with the large political questions which were at stake. The decisions taken are enough to show that the Trades Union Congress and the Labor Party under its new constitution will run hand in hand, and that opposition to the Labor Party's international policy will come from outside, and not from inside, the official Trade Union Movement. At the same time, it would be a mistake to belittle the importance of these external forces, although they have been so decisively beaten at Congress. Mr. Havelock Wilson's new position on the Parliamentary Committee will undoubtedly serve him as an excellent base from which to harry his opponents, and his unofficial campaign, backed apparently by unlimited supplies of money (by whom provided?) will be at least a formidable distraction in some constituencies in the event of a General Election. The trade unions are far from forming a solid body politically, and, although there is no doubt on which side the bulk of Labor opinion is ranged, a rival candidate calling himself "Labor," and obtaining considerable support from "war at any price" advocates, cannot be in all cases safely despised. Apart from giving him a seat on the Parliamentary Committee, the Derby Congress has done nothing to help Mr. Wilson's party and something to discredit it; but it

retains for the most part the disruptive power which it possessed before the Congress.

For this is the plain fact. Mr. Havelock Wilson and his friends are a force; but they are a force that is purely disruptive. Their own policy is almost fantastically impracticable and need not be seriously considered: they count only in so far as they serve to "put a spoke in the wheel" of the Labor Party, and perhaps to "give a leg up" to the business advocates of Tariff Reform. In a country at war, there will always be found both fanatical "patriots" and interested persons to follow such leadership; but it is at least all to the good that the international policy of the Labor Party has been decisively upheld by the Trades Union Congress—the only representative industrial body in this country.

Concerning the terms of the actual resolution on international affairs carried by the Congress with virtual unanimity, it is not necessary to say much, because it adds little to previous declarations. It is unfortunate that peace negotiations should be made to hang on the previous evacuation of Belgium and Northern France, which may or may not prove to be the decisive spheres in a military sense. But this clause in the resolution should be interpreted broadly. It means, in harmony with previous declarations of Congress, that Labor is prepared to go on fighting in a defensive war for Justice, but that it will have no part in a war of aggression. Labor is overwhelmingly in favor of the policy enunciated by Mr. Henderson in his address as fraternal delegate from the Labor Party, and in Mr. Ogden's excellent Presidential Address—a policy, not of peace at any price, but of peace by understanding at the earliest honorable moment.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

THE Swiss patriot gathered the spears of his enemies into his breast; Mr. Lloyd George prefers to collect municipal caskets. He is not to be blamed, his day will not be for ever; but he would be no worse for practising a slightly more refined appeal. His personal position is improved a little, even in Scotland. I am told, where a few months ago it hardly existed. That is not surprising. There is no Opposition; there has been some military success; his vivid personality impinges on men's minds when there is nothing worthier to fill them, and his jangled orchestra responds a little better than usual to his bâton. But what of the deeper concerns of the hour? I doubt whether the Prime Minister possesses the mind or the will to seize the golden hour when peace is to be sought and won. He is said to be not personally intransigent, and that is a good thing. But look at his surroundings—his Hughes, his Press, its tone to him (*e.g.*, the insulting article in the "Express" bidding him disown his country and its most cherished creed), its incessant appeal to mere savagery, and its constant effort to keep him down to the level of its own primitive coarseness. What hope of statesmanship here?

THE official Liberal Party gives as yet little promise. Its policy is one of very piano criticism, and, so far as I am aware, it has taken no steps for an electoral arrangement with Labor. The Labor Party is, therefore, the mainstay, with such Radical attachments as it can secure. It is competent and it has a policy. It is not quite solid, and that is a weakness. But, on the whole, the majority came back from the Trade Union Congress fortified and confident that they will hold. The Wilsonites were routed, and all prospect of an effective schism has been destroyed. Mr. Henderson's personal position was rather more than maintained. Mr. Gompers was cautious and non-committal, while the ridiculous Hughes was cold-shouldered. In a word, the elaborate and costly plan for splitting the Congress, or turning it into a tool of Never-Indianism, was brought to nought. And as long as Labor remains in being, the

corner-stone of the Temple of Reconciliation has been laid.

MEANWHILE a fresh storm is gathering fast round the Government's head. The coal blunder only follows the other blunders, the ship-building blunder, the land blunder, the Service Acts blunder. Mr. George combs out and combs in as stunt follows stunt, and laborers, shipwrights, engineers, munition workers, and now miners, are in turn pushed into and out of the fields and workshops. But the emptying of the mines is going to cost the country and its Allies the severest moral and physical trial of the war. The Prime Minister was warned against it as against the other follies involved in the purely military view of the war. He was always the champion of the theory of "all in to the armies," and was at the same time the man who most contributed to the dispersal of our military effort. Now this blow falls on us at the dead-centre of winter-time, when the normal pressure on Germany is heaviest, and the hope of a good peace strongest. The whole responsibility is the Government's and its peculiar Press. The discomfort of the home will be great, but that is not the main trouble. It is the industrial supplies which are most menaced. The Prime Minister should have seen that our great contribution to the war was the industrial one. He and we will have ample means of testing that truth before the winter is past.

THE Government's apology is obvious. It is necessary to maintain the Army in Flanders at full strength, and to that supreme end everything must give way. Yes; but how is that attainable when the policy of little packets is again in full swing? There are three British expeditions in Russia. What is happening to them? What of the small Baku force, so much in the air? What of the descent on Archangel? What is the military position of this force, and its relations with Mr. Tchaikovsky and his Soviet? All these things are diversions, and on the top of them the incorrigible Mr. Sidebotham invites us in the "Times" to a knock-out blow at Turkey as a sure way to winning the war. As on the land, so in the air. Colonel Repington insists that what he calls the bombing of the apple-women in Cologne and Mannheim merely checks the concentration of our air forces on the battlefield. That would seem to be a double injury to humanity and to war-efficiency. It has at least a direct bearing on the call for men. The country is asked to endure a universal, simultaneous, and incessant strain on all its resources. That is not indefinitely maintainable, and as a result we get this weakening of such vital strands as the coal supply.

I HAVE read few more disquieting messages from Russia than Mr. Arthur Ransome's despatch in Saturday's "Daily News." It throws a dark shadow of doubt over the whole story of the Bolshevik invasion of our Consulate at Petrograd and of the death of Captain Cromie. Obviously one correction has to be made. There was no breach of extra-territoriality. The British Embassy, *quâ* Embassy, ceased to exist since the removal of the Chargé d'Affaires and his staff last March. The Embassy was not only withdrawn, but we proclaimed our refusal to recognize the *de facto* Government in Russia, while in fact we are conducting war against it. The privilege that diplomatic missions enjoy does not extend to Consulates, and if the action of the Bolsheviks was high-handed their Government had a right to search for incriminating documents. Now the Russian charge is that it had ample reason to suspect the existence of these documents, that it has found them, and that some British officials were in a conspiracy to supply money and men and means of communication by irregular passports to the anti-Bolsheviks. What is the answer to this? The evidence which Mr. Ransome quotes is not pleasant. He says that forty men were in the Consulate. A Consulate requires no such staff. And

what was a notorious reactionary doing there? And in any case why is Mr. Litvinoff arrested and imprisoned on the ground of a violation of diplomatic rights in Petrograd, when by our will and act all such rights had ceased? There may be sufficient answers to these questions. But the whole ground of our intervention is so rotten that Mr. Balfour's task in keeping an absolutely clean bill of health for his officials is not an easy one. His office, indeed, can hardly be said to be in control, so long as a series of war expeditions stand on Russian soil. We are invading Russia, and yet maintain a consular representative at the capital. We fight her existing Government, and yet affect to treat with it. It is a ghastly muddle. But those who made it will have at least to explain it.

I AM sure the good angel of the earth breathed a sigh when he heard that Mr. Wilson's suggested visit to Europe was not coming off. Happily, there is no good reason for thinking that the President's power with his people is on the wane. It is the aim of some American Jingo (as of ours) to treat him as a kind of prisoner of the Vatican, to boycott every word he speaks on the character of the peace, and even forbid the discussion of his great charter of liberation, and to underline only his sternest phrases on the immediate conduct of the war. But I doubt whether this spirit has cut deep into the American view of the true peace policy. There is a good deal of politics in the anti-Wilsonism of Roosevelt, Taft & Co., with which, of course, we have no concern. And with some Americans Roosevelt is the man, just as Hughes is the man for some of us. Hughes, indeed, is an American Roosevelt, without his genius, and with a rather less expansive Podsnappian chest.

BUT Mr. Wilson, after all, stands for the Americanism which has passed into a faith, and his position depends on his being something more even than a great partisan. It is his fortune to be the bearer of the prayers and hopes of millions who never set eyes on him. He may fail; all may fail. But there is no need to despair of American Liberalism. It is out to win the war, and to maintain the character of the peace. But of chaffing with the idea of an anti-German boycott or trade policy after the war, the American Press yields no trace whatever. The conditional economic weapon as a means of bringing Germany to reason, and German democracy to fruit, is well understood and strongly maintained. But that policy is entirely distinct from Hughesism. So with the temper of the people. That has notably sweetened with the discovery of the unity of the nation, and especially of the patriotism of the German elements. Pro-Germanism does not exist in the States. The American Germans have definitely chosen the American pattern, and will retain it. The German vernacular press has either changed sides (especially after the Lichnowsky revelations) or ceased to exist. There have been expressions of America's war feeling which her flatterers (prompt enough to be her revilers a few short months ago), not her friends, applaud. But there is no need to label the American spirit with them.

VISITORS to Constantinople are familiar with Haidar Pasha, the terminus of the Asiatic railway system in Turkey. I am told that it was here that Enver's great plan of an expedition to destroy us in Mesopotamia came to grief. The collection of stores and munitions was enormous. Train after train was stacked with them. One day there was an explosion on a truck, probably accidental, but due, according to one account, to a bomb from a British aeroplane. The truck caught fire, and other trucks with it. By degrees every freight train was involved. The explosions were terrible and so dangerous that the firemen dared not approach. Days passed, until the whole store was involved, and the supplies of the great expedition had been blown to pieces. The disaster has been irremediable; its moral result ineffaceable.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

CIVILIZATION.

THE child who has scratched himself with his plaything throws it away in a pet, and there are some people to-day who would treat civilization in the same way. Children of a larger growth, often the most attractive kind of people, they live in an imaginative world of their own into which they have only admitted the facts that please them, and they have made civilization their plaything. But suddenly the facts they have excluded from their world have insisted upon obtruding themselves; the child has been scratched by his plaything, the blood is only too plain to see; he tramples in a rage on the doll he had cherished and sulks in the corner; like the hero of the little sketch by "Denis Thévenin" (the name which is a transparent disguise for the sensitive poet and doctor Georges Duhamel) he hates his century and he hates Europe and he hates the world: he threatens to go up into a high mountain alone where he can see no more of mankind.

Yet we must speak with precaution. It is not possible to assume any airs of superiority when we contemplate those who thus treat civilization as a plaything, for we are all children alike and all make our ideals our playthings. What, after all, is civilization? Simply what we like to make of it. Edward Carpenter in "Civilization: Its Cause and Cure" described it some thirty years ago as "a kind of disease which the various races of man have to pass through," though, he added, they usually die of it; he identified it with class hierarchy on a property basis, to be dated back only about a thousand years, so far as England is concerned, and he regarded a civilized state as another term for a "police-manized" state. More recently, "Denis Thévenin's" mouthpiece described it as "a choir of harmonious voices singing a hymn, a statue of marble on an arid hill, a man who would say: 'Love one another.'" Attractive playthings, each of these definitions, however widely unlike; you may choose which you will, either of them may be worth while. Nor can it be said that those serious persons who have solemnly undertaken to instruct us in detail concerning the meaning and history of civilization have removed us into any less capricious atmosphere. Buckle, who wrote so extensive an introduction to its history, was content, quite incidentally, to define it as "the results of the progress of knowledge," and Guizot, in his famous lectures, throwing aside so narrowly intellectual a conception, boldly stated the broad proposition that civilization consists of "two principal facts: the development of human society and the development of man himself." There surely should be a playground large enough for anyone. Too large, the writer of the article on "Civilization" in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" seems to think, and in the course of his methodical exposition he first refrains from defining what it is that he is writing about, and then falls back on the humble notion that civilization is "the desire for a larger and larger modicum of average individual comfort." When we go back to the origin of the word we are not greatly helped, for originally, in sixteenth century French, to "civilize" simply meant to make a criminal matter a civil cause, whence it came to mean "make civil" in other than legal senses. Thus the word "civilization" in its early and French stage really had that suggestion of a "policemanized" state which Edward Carpenter finds so distinctive. That probably may have influenced Dr. Johnson when, as Boswell tells us, he proposed to omit "civilization" from his "Dictionary" and only to admit "civility." It might have been better; we should indeed have lost a verbal peg which the human imagination has found so convenient whereon to hang its confections, but it would have been clearer that what we are concerned with is the development of the refinements proceeding from the close contact of human beings in large groups, an extended kind of "urbanity," or, as Matthew Arnold defined it, "the humanization of man in society." That is a fairly safe definition, while yet

remaining extremely vague. It helps us to see our way towards the right relationship of "civilization" to "culture." "Culture," indeed, as the German scholars who have most diligently explored it are ready to admit, also remains without a satisfactory definition, but, in the serious sense, it is no longer to be identified with "cultshaw," and is tending to be used in a wider and even biological sense. It may cover the whole productive activity, physical and psychic, of a human group, without regard to its quality, just as we speak of bacterial cultures. "Civilization" would remain the name for the spiritual growth, the "humanization," of mankind generally.

Yet, obviously, that fails to carry us far. It leaves altogether in doubt the nature, good or bad, of the special quality of "humaneness." It furnishes a convenient frame, it formulates the outline, but the human imagination must still be left to supply the contents. We must each determine for himself what "humaneness" means, accordingly as we regard man as angel or devil or a subtle mixture of both. So that the spirit of man is still able to cherish an infinitely varied assortment of rag-dolls, all called "Civilization," some made to be adored, and some to be kicked, and some to be subjected to both treatments in turn.

Such considerations are the necessary preliminary to any discussion of civilization which seeks to avoid the sphere of mere caprice. If we enter a playground, or even a nursery, let us at least realize where we are. But there is a further consideration, perhaps less widely realized, which the recent devastation among our idols—or our dolls—has shown the danger of neglecting.

Until about a century ago it was commonly believed that the world was created *circa* B.C. 4004. That date may have seemed a little arbitrary to some, but there were no established facts which made it other than plausible. Civilization was assumed to begin almost immediately after the creation of the world. So that at a time, six thousand years ago, when, as we now know, mighty civilizations had slowly risen and fallen, at a time when men had long been the equals of ourselves in brain development, there was, according to the theory we have just cast away, no world at all. When we consider the absurd contrast between the actual period of millions of years during which Nature or God was occupied in making man—to say nothing of the inconceivably longer period occupied in moulding the world—with the idea of man's recent origin which that same Divine Being inspired to man's reason, we feel that we are outside the sphere of sober fact to be contemplated seriously, we are elevated into the region of joke. The fairy-tales told to children concerning their origin are by comparison rational.

The point is, that while during the last century the curtain concealing our origin—on which we had scrawled B.C. 4004—has been drawn aside and revealed a practically endless succession of vast and fascinating events, we have scarcely yet even begun to realize the implications of this long descent. We still retain the feeling that civilization began yesterday. Our plaything seems to us but a fragile toy. It is an ancient observation concerning the man who suffered from the delusion that he was an earthen pot and entreated his friends to place him on a high shelf where he would not be broken. It is the delusion many of us still cherish about civilization. We have scarcely yet begun to see that civilizations are more solid products than we had supposed, and that even their destruction is of little moment. It has happened so often. Man has again and again shattered to bits the civilization he had made, but he has always remoulded it afresh, differently if not more beautifully, at all events nearer to the heart's desire.

When it was once suggested to James Hinton that the time would come, owing to the exhaustion of the possible number of combinations of sounds, when music would end, he replied that the man would then arise, so moved by a new spirit, that he would exclaim: "There has yet been no music!" That has, again and again, been the proclamation of man in regard to civilization. After long generations had slowly elaborated their rough tools the Mousterian and his successor, the Aurignacian

man, came to maturity in France, not only with brilliant new mechanical principles, but with a new desire, in which Art was born, to perpetuate in carving the images of the things he had known in life, and with a supreme discovery, sometimes so tragic in its results for after-ages, that the soul is immortal and the dead body a thing to be ceremoniously buried. Then the Solutrian man arrived, concentrating his attention on the acquirement of manipulative skill and carrying the fabrication of the implements of work to a point of exquisite skill and efficiency never again attained until vast periods of time had elapsed. For the Magdalenian man who followed him, filled with new ideals and a new delicacy and ingenuity in carrying them out, disdained mere utilitarian accomplishments while yet making all sorts of brilliant discoveries in the art of living; he was enamored of art, and in his long winter days in his cavernous palaces, by the light of the smokeless lamps he had devised, he painted the frescoes and carved the ivory that still survive to arouse our admiration of their expressive economy of significant line. That civilization melted away in the perpetual rains of a new climatic period, but then another civilization appeared, that of the Azilian Age, having a more favorable home in the Pyrenees, where the Azilian men found a sort of Ararat on which to establish themselves amid the waste of waters, when the old Magdalenian civilization and all its arts had disappeared together with the reindeer. There they found, in a climate at last resembling our own, the elements of a new civilization which in course of time developed into that of the great Neolithic Age, the basis of our own civilization to-day. Yet, according to our own familiar belief of yesterday, darkness was still upon the face of the deep. Another six thousand years or more were to pass, and the foundations of the great city of Knossos, the supreme radiating centre of civilization, had already been laid. For countless ages, and the Egyptian Dynasties were about to begin, when at last, as we were taught, the world was created, B.C. 4004. At that time, the Neolithic man, who left his civilization in the Lake-villages, towns rather, to be reconstructed only a few years ago, was already seeing it transferred beneath his eyes into the civilization of the Metal Ages, and the citizens of Knossos were soon to see their city ravished and burnt, a catastrophe more memorable, so far as civilization is concerned, than any catastrophe of to-day is likely to seem four thousand years hence. Then the Greeks came, and that great Moral Reformation of the sixth century B.C.—throughout a new and larger world, from the Nile and the Tiber to the Hoang-ho and the Ganges—which has been called the true inauguration of our latest civilization. All these generations of men, as each wonderful civilization of the past seemed to lie shattered before their eyes, arose in a new spirit, with a new youthful energy, and each of them proclaimed afresh during a million years: There has been no civilization yet!

We have learnt that the history of man and his civilizations stretches back into a still immeasurable past. Yet do not let us leap to the conclusion that man is old. It is dangerous to leap to conclusions about anything in this world, most of all when Man and his civilizations are concerned. Who knows whether Man is old? Sometimes he still seems even too exuberantly youthful. "Man was only born yesterday," Maeterlinck lately wrote, "and has scarcely yet even begun to disentangle himself from chaos. We fancy that he is moving towards Death, and all his past shows us that he is more probably advancing towards Life." Another philosopher, stirred to unwonted impatience by a recent lamentable achievement of our bureaucrats, remarked the other day: "If I were God I would put humanity under water for three minutes and begin again with the crocodiles, or something substantial." But that is precisely what, on another plane, with an inexhaustible youthful assurance of "world enough and time," Man himself has been perpetually doing with his creations. When indeed we survey the brief history or the long history, as we choose to regard it, of this Divine Child in the creation of its infinitely various and endlessly novel playthings, nothing

is left to us but wonder and adoration. We can only apply to the Soul of Man—so unfathomable, so mysterious, so disconcerting—the words of the Hebrew Psalmist to his Jahve: "A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past."

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

"THAT MONSTER, CUSTOM."

THE Chinese are a topsy-turvy people, and of all mankind they alone, we believe, have hitherto despised the soldier and regarded war as a nonsensical practice. The Hindus, it is true, give the highest honor to the caste of religious learning, and that seems strange enough to us—as strange as if the daily papers published telegraphic *communiqués* from our bishops and clergy informing us of their advance or retirement in their long contest with evil. But even Hindus put the military caste in the rank below the first, and men who have never seen a gun fired are proud to belong to it. So it has been throughout human history. The military man has always been granted the privilege of decorating himself with paint, feathers, horsehair crests, purple cloaks, inlaid armor, scarlet tunics, sparkling boots, bits of ribbon, brass hats, and red tabs, not merely as means of striking terror into the enemy, but as the visible signs of the horror in which his own people hold him. Hunger and thirst are the oldest desires, but war may be called the oldest passion; or, if love rivals it in age, war has changed much less in nature. Until recent centuries, war-songs have been more numerous than love-songs, and finer poetry too. "God of war! O God of war! you plague of man, you blood-stained thing, destroyer of towns"—it was the repeated cry of ancient poets—a cry of horror; and yet of war they sang most and best.

It has been the same with all the other arts besides poetry, whether arts of beauty or of invention. War has been their main subject or their main incentive. Assyrian sculptures, Greek friezes, Roman triumphal arches, the galleries of France, the peculiar tombs and statues of London or Berlin have celebrated chiefly war. Men hurled from city walls, men hewn in pieces or trampled under horses' hoofs, prisoners beheaded in rows like poppies, line upon line of women dragged into slavery, clashing forests of spears, cannons belching fire, angels sounding the trump of victory over shattered ships and drowning sailors—such have been the favored themes of marble and pictorial art. For war, mechanisms have been contrived to fling red hot javelins and mountainous rocks and linked balls of iron and exploding cones and jars of deadly fumes and drops of lead scattered like the spray of a gardener's hose. For war we have learnt to fly among the clouds like birds, and grope like fishes through the twilight of the deep. So strongly has nearly every race believed in the advantage of destroying another race, or in the necessity of preserving itself.

A glamor of beauty and admiration has thus been diffused over war. Till quite lately, histories were occupied chiefly with wars, and usually with nothing else, except perhaps the "claims" of rival kings—claims maintained and justified by battle. The words "glory" and "glorious" are almost limited to victories and victorious monarchs, and it was not only for the sake of the rhyme that the halting poet of our National Anthem added "happy and glorious" to our prayer. It is the forgotten glory won by forgotten Emperors in forgotten wars which makes Gibbon's History the most depressing book in the world; and yet the mere course of time, which beautifies everything, has always shed a special enchantment of beauty over past wars, and, in the brief intervals of general peace, men have always looked back upon times of war as the proper sphere for romance. In our own brief history, think of "Henry V.," or the legends which have gathered round the Armada, the Civil War, the 'Forty-five, the Peninsular, and Waterloo! War has always seemed the most natural if not the only background for exciting stories, courageous actions, sudden transformations, dramatic effects, and the display of rhetoric. Add to these mental allurements the material advantages—the increased wealth and comfort

which, not only kings, but a large number of enterprising speculators and commercial people have always acquired from victorious war. No wonder that tradition, in the course of ages, has created a warlike instinct in mankind. It is a tenacious instinct, widely diffused as religion, and deep almost as hell.

But, none the less, the almost imperceptible growth of peculiarly human qualities has been continuously contending against it. We English are not a specially peaceful race. We love romance, adventure, and dramatic situations as much as anyone else. We owe a large amount of our wealth to wars of one kind or another. Yet, when the present war was proclaimed, the news was received with hushed solemnity—with an almost religious horror, which was, in the original sense of the word, awful. Even the rhetoricians of Parliament and newspapers uttered no sound of exultation. We rightly foresaw, not only danger to the country, and an end to the life we had led and to the civilization to which we were accustomed. Besides all national danger and social change, we foresaw the death of thousands, cut down in their opening years. How often were we reminded of that Angel of Death and the beating of his wings! And, no matter how often or how dully repeated, our hearts always responded to the terror of those words. For many years past, the killing of one man or one woman in a back street or cellar had filled the country with the interest of horror. It had created a "sensation" to which our senses were keenly alive. And now all these fine young men, so friendly, so athletic, so carefully trained and perfectly equipt, were going out to kill or be killed by the thousand, and probably both. How could the killing of fine young men on either side settle a quarrel between Kings, Prime Ministers, Foreign Secretaries, Ambassadors, or even peoples? It all seemed an incredible horror, an impossible piece of folly. One read in these columns last week of the difficulty that officers sometimes have in persuading young soldiers to kill. One has seen young recruits faint at bayonet practice when the order "Now at his kidneys!" was given, though the kidneys were represented only by a small white circle upon a swinging sack. To many, even in the peril of battle, it seems atrocious to plunge a long knife into the soft stomach of a human being, and turn it round. At the beginning of the war, a similar sense of horror and atrocity filled the country—filled at least all decent and kindly minds. The lists of dead were studied with anguish. The accounts of sufferings were listened to with hardly endurable pain. Even when the numbers of the enemy slain were vaunted, human sympathy sighed, "No matter whether an enemy or not, each was some poor woman's son!"

The Old Contemptibles—the noblest Army that ever put to sea—vanished from the world. The New Armies, high-hearted volunteers, followed close behind. The Conscript Armies followed. No violent emotion can be long maintained. Strike the most sensitive nerve often enough, and the brain will cease to answer the summons. The five-hundredth lash causes less pain than the fifth, and the flaming martyr was insensible before he died. During the first year of war, anguish was mitigated, and each succeeding year has deadened the sensibility to horror. Few now read the casualty list, or even contemplate the portraits of fine, exterminated youths in the weekly papers, unless there is a chance of some familiar or beloved name being there. Many causes may contribute to an indifference which is not callous. The callous mind belongs to those who enjoy the war for what it brings—the profiteers who give a son and make a fortune, the intriguing men and women to whom the war affords opportunity for winning position, distinction, philanthropic reputation, Orders, invitations, smart and becoming uniforms, or mere excitement and change. There may be thousands of such monsters, and under the disguise of "patriotism" they get over the horrors of war quite nicely. But besides these heroes and heroines of popular journalism there are the millions of hard-working people who have discovered that war, for the first time in their lives, has brought them and their families enough wages for a decent livelihood. For the

first time in their lives they can launch out into a puddle of pleasure, and even venture upon luxuries which the middle-classes once regarded as necessities. Economists may tell them it is all a false prosperity, to end sooner or later in an appalling crash. Never mind; "it is pleasant, if only it would last!" as the Frenchman falling from a tower was heard to remark; and if the end of the war is to cause the crash, for pity's sake let the war continue! Many of the soldiers employed upon various duties supplementary to the actual fighting might say the same. So long as death does not actually touch or threaten oneself or someone dear to oneself, the death of others, unknown and indistinctive, is but vaguely realized now, and grief over vast numbers becomes rather abstract and perfunctory, especially when tempered by personal welfare.

If excuse is wanted, newspapers provide it. To read some accounts of war one might think our young working classes, when converted into soldiers, thoroughly enjoyed standing in liquid mud and freezing in holes and having their limbs shattered and their heads blown off; for they are perpetually "cheery," and usually have "the glint of battle in their eyes." To look at our daily illustrations one might suppose the war to be a succession of rollicking trivialities, varied by aristocratic marriages as "insets." But "the horrors of war" remain no empty phrase. Those who have dwelt among them may not speak, may not dare to describe their reality; but they know what they are, and it is not from such men that the clamor for war without end arises. Those who love the war for its own sake and demand its continuance at any price are the avaricious, the brutish, and the ignorant; but probably they are not many. Far more numerous are the crowds who have become habituated to a state of war, and, like children of six, can hardly imagine any other state. The early shock is over. Their minds are numbed by the repetition of horror or grief. Their imaginations refuse to realize what horror means. Their emotions are exhausted. In Hamlet's phrase, "that monster, custom, who all sense doth eat, of habits devil," has devoured their souls.

Music.

THE PROPER FUNCTION OF THE "PROMENADES."

WHEN writing about music from any but a sociological standpoint, the critic, as well as the cultured dilettante who may or may not read his words of wisdom, is apt to forget that he is using the term in a sense quite different from that attached to it by the overwhelming majority of his fellow-men. For him music is a highly specialized art, emanating from a very few exceptionally gifted composers, practised by a few professional players and singers, and completely enjoyed and appreciated only by a few enthusiastic amateurs, who devote time and trouble to the understanding of it. For him, in short, music is Music with a very big capital M. But for the ordinary individual it is nothing of the kind. It is just music, a succession of agreeable and ordered sounds, whose emotional, intellectual, and artistic values matter not at all, provided that they please. For him the latest rag-time or sentimental ballad is music precisely as "Lohengrin" or "Carmen" is music. Nat Ayer is neither more nor less a musician than Wagner, and the writer of "Pelleas and Melisande" is neither more nor less a composer than the gentleman responsible for "I Hear You Calling Me." Indeed, the latter, being certainly better known and enjoying probably at least twice as large an income, is not unreasonably reckoned the more eminent of the two.

The writer first realized the full truth of this fundamental distinction between music and Music on assuming that amazing transmogrifier of habits and prejudices, a khaki uniform. It was soon apparent to him that he, talking of music as a descent from Bach to, let us say, Sousa, meant something quite other than did his com-

panions, who meant anything playable on piano or (*horresco referens*) gramophone. Indeed he will always be grateful to one in particular who, meaning to be kind and sympathetic, assured him that he too was interested in "classical music, Mendelssohn's 'Spring Song,' 'The Bee's Wedding,' and all that kind of thing." From that moment the scales fell from his eyes.

The distinction between music and Music is useful to emphasize if only for one thing. It explains the riddle of the British public. That public is intensely musical; it loves sound and is moved by it, and even the errand-boys in the streets of its cities whistle in tune. But it is not Musical; its æsthetic education is possibly the worst in Europe, and it applauds a great artist and a charlatan with an equal fervor that makes one despair, till one realizes that the applause is only a rather agreeable manifestation of our national kindness—an encouragement, in fact, to the solitary individual on the platform who is doing his best to entertain and amuse so many!

Moreover, that our public loves music is a most important fact, because a person or a public that is musical may become Musical—the development is merely a question of time, opportunity, and education; while if the musical sense be not present at all it is hardly ever to be desired that Music shall be cultivated—as some of our Dryasdusts and Beckmessers prove most conclusively. Furthermore, it must not be forgotten that the boundaries of music and Music do already overlap to some extent. Puccini, for instance, lives in both countries. So do Strauss (the jolly Strauss who wrote waltzes, not the other man), Sullivan, Bizet, Handel (or, at any rate, the composer of "The Messiah"), and many others whose works, or some of whose works, appeal to everybody alike. Even Wagner has lately been added to the list, so that altogether the "neutral zone" between the two frontiers appears to be growing both in extent and prosperity. To accelerate this process is, or should be, the aim of all popular concerts and, on the whole, there seems to be evidence that this is being done intelligently in many places. Bournemouth, for instance, has always pursued the right policy. So, I believe, does Torquay. I myself, when staying at Brighton this summer, heard the conductor, Mr. Lyell-Taylor, turn round and explain to a casual audience on the West Pier the meaning and beauties of "Scheherazade," which he then proceeded to play. It was a daring experiment, I thought, but the success of it was undeniable, if measured by the enthusiasm of the audience.

Now, of all the concerts in England that have been planned to win recruits for the noble army of Music, none, I suppose, has been more successful than the "Promenades," and it is precisely for this reason that some of us have always insisted on the vital importance of their quality and success. In the present stage of musical culture in England, the popular concert is not merely the most, but perhaps the only important concert. The eclectic symphony concert, beloved of the writer and his friends, bears the same kind of relationship to it as the orchid to the potato. Nobody waxes enthusiastic about the potato, but in these days there would be great difficulty in living without it. While with the orchid the case is precisely the reverse. Yet the superior are apt to forget the essentially potato-like nature of the "Promenades." They are not and should not be exotic, and they cannot be expected to be venturesome or experimental. They are there primarily to perform works already accepted, not works that have yet to win recognition. Of course, this point of view must not be driven to its logical extreme, for then, like all other points of view similarly treated, it becomes absurd. Some proportion of new and unfamiliar works must find a place in Promenade programmes—and one may, I think, expect reasonably that these shall have real merit—but the really important thing is that Sir Henry Wood and his orchestra should during the season play as large a proportion of acknowledged masterpieces as possible, and play them as well as possible. For we who are specialists and too familiar with the masterpieces to become excited about them, entirely fail to appreciate the point of view of the man who is now, this very week,

hearing a Beethoven symphony or a Wagner excerpt for the first time. His very existence is incredible to us, and yet he exists, and in far larger numbers than we do. So the first question to be asked about the Promenades is: Are they good enough to lose such a man from ballads and ragtime to the genuine article? The answer, for this year at any rate, is a certain affirmative. The orchestra is well rehearsed and is playing excellently. This is of vital importance. Good performances make good listeners, and good listeners soon become lovers of Music as distinct from music.

F. T.

Letters to the Editor.

THE END OF THE WAR.

SIR,—It is hardly necessary to say that the problems involved in the ending of the present War, dwarf all other questions to comparative insignificance. But unfortunately the conditions are now so unfavorable that anything like a calm discussion of the subject is impossible. The crimes and infamies of the struggle have given rise to so much bitterness that what are intended for arguments are often nothing more than incoherent outbursts of feeling; and the mere fact that one class of disputants are described by their opponents as fools, criminals, or traitors, is a sufficient indication of the difficulties by which the whole question is beset.

But, at the risk of finding myself classed among unworthy characters, I should like, with your permission, to call attention to certain considerations which seem to constitute overwhelming reasons why the European Powers should not ignore the smallest opportunity for speedily bringing the war to an end. And these considerations are quite unconnected with any of its horrors or inconveniences.

At the present time fairly united fronts are being maintained by two methods. Upon the Continent the sabre or the rifle is the first and last argument used against those who show any signs of becoming restive. But in this country we have adopted a much more humane course. We purchase acquiescence; and, except for the consequent depreciation of the currency, this policy has thus far been quite successful. Strikes, followed by increases of wages, have assumed a pendulum-like regularity, and it is now clear that this process will end only with the war itself.

But when the war does come to an end, whether during this year, or the next, or in 1920, a state of affairs will arise of which it is now difficult to form any clear conception. Only one thing is perfectly certain, and this is, that the more distant the date, the more chaotic will be the confusion which must arise in Europe generally when international fighting ceases. Millions of men, newly graduated in the roughest possible school, will return to their homes—a large proportion of them only to find their occupations gone, and a more or less blank prospect ahead. What will happen upon the Continent we need not pause to discuss. It may be that the German Government, if it has not already been destroyed in accordance with the "Knock-out" programme, will vanish automatically. We shall all be too much concerned with our own affairs to be able to give much attention to foreign interests. Here the artificial wages bubble will burst, and to a host of disappointed fighting men will be added millions of men and women who have been employed on work of national importance at fancy rates of pay, and those occupations will cease with the dawn of "Peace." Behind these there will be a still greater number of workers in private employment whose wages have been forced up far beyond anything like an international economic level by the depreciation of our currency and other temporary influences.

I shall make no attempt to fill in any details of the picture; but these are the outlines of an immediate future that is inevitable. No economic policy, nor any school of politicians or doctrinaires can keep the wages bubble intact; and when the collapse sets in, home affairs will become a matter of very absorbing interest.

Those who are in favor of continuing the War to some indefinite time when the present German Government is no longer able to speak on behalf of the German nation, would do well to satisfy themselves that they will not then have attained ends at which they are not now aiming. Europe generally is bankrupt, the coming generation of all the Great Powers has been pawned, and there is only one means by which the burdens and liabilities assumed can be met. That is by wholesale disarmament. And surely there can be no solid reason why this should not at once be placed at the head of the terms of settlement. Let the Governments concerned fill in what details they may agree upon, but this must be the indispensable preliminary, not only to the establishment of anything like a real League of Nations, but to the continuation of anything like orderly national existence. And whether this condition be accepted by a Hohenzollern, or a Republican Government in Berlin, is only a minor detail.

If the civilized nations have not learned from this War that it would be more advantageous to settle their differences in some way other than by fighting, the future will indeed be black. And to those who maintain that such a possibility is nothing but a dream, I would reply that for the present generation a continuation of the old method will be an impossibility.

Europe has been bled to exhaustion. Its social systems will rock to their foundations when the present struggle closes, and for many years foreign affairs will possess but little interest for any of the leading Powers now endeavoring to destroy each other.

There is only one way by which the dangers threatening the immediate future can be mitigated. That is by the abolition of the old system of rival armaments, the creation of an International Tribunal, and the establishment of what need be nothing more than a joint international naval and military force sufficient to enforce its decisions. And, probably before many months have elapsed, the democracies of the world will have it in their power to decide which course is to be adopted. At the present time in this country, public attention is being very largely directed to schemes for perpetuating the old spirit of rivalry and mistrust which constitutes the real cause of the catastrophe that has overtaken the civilized world, and amid the heat engendered by German atrocities, it seems almost vain to appeal to reason.

Our chief hope lies in the West. America has saved Europe from the Prussian menace; and it may be that President Wilson, the only man thus far who has put anything like vitality into the scheme for a League of Nations, will also succeed in inaugurating an era of common sense.—Yours, &c.,

F. W. HAINE.

Pooley Lodge, Egham.

THE STATE AND WAGES.

SIR,—The gravity of the problems discussed in your interesting article of August 31st, on the Women's Strike, is beyond question: and it is true, as you say, that "vast dilemmas are before us," and that "all the lines of our social thinking have become liquid." But these facts make it all the more desirable that we should be on our guard against short cuts to Utopia. A device which is expected at a single stroke "to enfranchise the mother, to guarantee the future of the children, and to safeguard the principle of equal pay for equal work," promises too much, and would invite criticism even if it were new and untried. But that "the nation should take frankly on itself the primary cost of rearing future generations," is not a new device. A similar policy was the central feature of the most degraded period of English social history. The old Poor Law allowance of the period 1795-1834 constituted in effect a system of endowment of motherhood by the State, adopted at a crisis like the present, when "liquid social thinking," confronted with "vast dilemmas" followed the line of least mental resistance with disastrous social consequences.

The argument from the supposed results of the separation allowances, is based, I venture to think, on the confusion often found in the minds of social reformers between "the poor" and the working classes. "Children," you say, "have been better cared for and better educated." As to any general improvement in education amongst the children with absent fathers, one may have doubts. The increased number of children entering secondary schools is much more likely to be due to higher wages than to separation allowances. If a large number of that 30 per cent. of the children who before the war were said to be living in poverty, are now "better cared for," that is, no doubt, attributable in some measure, both to higher wages and to the allowances. But we are now seeking permanent remedies for poverty. Experience clearly shows that higher wages and state allowances are mutually exclusive alternatives. If we are to choose between them, can there be any doubt as to which we should prefer? And for much of the pre-war poverty—that of our agricultural laborers for example—higher wages is certainly the proper and adequate remedy. In their case, the allowance system was tried under the old Poor Law, and ignominiously failed. No doubt higher wages do not provide a sufficient or immediate remedy for many of the problems of poverty—the problems of casual and sweated labor, of the unemployed and the unemployable, of the lack of outlook and responsibility, the prevalence of low standards of life. But will any system of allowances solve these problems? If the separation allowances have served as a temporary alleviation to these evils of poverty, it is entirely due to the fact of separation. The continuation of the allowances after the separation had ceased, so far from solving the problem of casual and sweated labor, of the unemployed and the unemployable, and of low standards of life—would, there is every reason to believe, greatly aggravate them. It is difficult to see how such allowances would differ from indiscriminating out-door relief on a lavish scale, or how they could fail to operate as a bounty on the birth-rate of the poorest; and thus act as a fatal hindrance to any scientific handling of the problems of poverty.

The old Poor Law, before 1834, pauperised whole classes by allowances for mothers and children. The reformed Poor Law sought to restrict pauperism by deterrent methods of relief. Its defect has been that it only meets the needs of that 5 per cent. of the population whom its methods do not deter; and leaves untouched the problems of the additional 20 per cent. living in poverty. It is the very great merit of the new reformers of the 1909 Minority Report to have attacked those problems courageously and systematically. They proposed to render the function of public assistance more humane and accessible by eliminating its deterrent character, and more scientific by handling the various problems separately through specialized institutions such as the hospitals and the schools. They claimed that their method, besides being preventive and curative in its aims, would offer even greater guarantees of efficient public control and administration than the existing

Poor Law; and this was vital to a scheme which proposed to assume public responsibility for 25 per cent. of the population. In any scheme of public assistance, the poor must be regarded as social invalids who are to be maintained in sickness and nursed back to health by the socially robust. But as soon as the social invalids outnumber the socially robust, the problem of handling them becomes insoluble. The minority are unable to do the handling, and the majority unable to suffer it. The whole stress of the problem of poverty therefore lies in keeping the invalids in a minority. The proposed endowment of motherhood is a scheme for the public assistance of 100 per cent. of the population, without any efficient public control of the vast expenditure involved; and it ignores, and would tend to obliterate the distinction between the problems of poverty and other social problems.

But would it not, by safeguarding "the principle of equal pay for equal work," afford a valuable contribution to the solution of labor problems as such? This somewhat enigmatical principle appears to work in two ways—either by levelling up or by levelling down. In the recent strikes, the women who had displaced the men, demanded men's pay. They were backed by the remaining men who wished to safeguard their own standard of life. The men argued that if the employer is obliged to pay a man's wage, he will employ men when he can get them. But if their reasoning is correct, this application of the equal pay principle will exclude the women bus conductors after the war.

If the principle is to operate without excluding women, it must be by lowering the wages of men. This is the only possible way in which the endowment of motherhood can "safeguard the principle," although the advocates of endowment shrink from admitting it. Women, it is argued, cannot secure the same wages as men because men insist on receiving wages that cover the maintenance of a family, although some do not undertake the obligation and others do not fulfil it properly. Let the State undertake the responsibility for the family at a cost of £250,000,000 a year; endowing the mothers as its agents, for the purpose—and then—so argue the advocates for endowment—women's wages, if their work is equal, can be raised to the former level of men's wages, which includes the cost of the family. Thus, with one stroke of the pen, the Chancellor of the Exchequer will secure the happiness of all concerned. The worker's child, hitherto neglected—will pass under the guardian care of the State, the mother, assisted and advised by health-visitors, &c., will acquire an independent status as the paid nurse of her own and the State's children; the exceptional conscientious father who has hitherto handed over the larger part of his wages to his family will receive as additional pocket-money the equivalent of the motherhood endowment, and the exceptional woman, whose work is equal to that of a man, will be justly entitled (if she can get it) to a man's wages, including the new pocket-money.

But with estimates, already compiled (I adopt Mr. Pethick Lawrence's recent calculations), of 750 millions, and an income tax at 7s. 6d., how would it be possible to raise another 250 millions for the increase of working-class incomes without most of that taxation falling directly or indirectly on the working classes? Exactly how and where it was to fall no one would know. Class would struggle with class and trade with trade to evade its incidence. And within the ranks of each well-organized trade, married men and bachelors, fathers of large and small families, who had hitherto united in defending a common standard wage, would be divided. That such a wholesale redistribution of the national income by the State would dislocate most of the devices, elaborately controlled by a century of social organization, for procuring "equal pay for equal work," is fairly certain. That it would help to establish that principle in any other form is highly improbable.

I am far from deprecating State action, as such; but the "liquid social thinking" that makes success possible, makes disaster easy. Experiments must be made, but there are limits to practicable experiment. Those limits, unrecognized by popular demand, are set by the need of effectual social consent to the wholesale readjustment of all the social values above the poverty line by the State. The State may indeed facilitate, or at most preside over the mutual self-adjustment of those values as represented in social organization. For the frank recognition of this principle by the adoption of the Whitley Reports, the Government deserves more credit than it has received. A democratic state cannot handle labor problems as it handles the problems of poverty, and in the interests of social welfare and of freedom, as well as of its own solvency, it ought to assist in the transmutation of poverty problems into labor problems. To a large extent war conditions have temporarily effected this transmutation. The wages of agricultural laborers and of women workers have been greatly increased; the ranks of organized labor have been nearly doubled. The central object of State social policy should be to prevent the reflux of labor over the poverty line; and for such a policy of minimum wages, it might secure effectual social consent. Legislation alone would not suffice, but if it registered social consent, it would evoke and strengthen the organization of the workers concerned.

In this way the enormous and inevitable problem of the disabled would not be rendered insoluble by the simultaneous recurrences of immense problems of poverty; and the State, which is powerless to create new social values, would avoid fatal intrusion into the creative spheres of voluntary association and of the family.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE UNWIN.

47, Heaton Road, Withington, Manchester.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF MR. WILSON.

SIR,—Might I comment briefly on one or two points in your leading article in your issue of September 7th? First, I suggest that the degree of recognition bestowed by the Allies on the Czecho-Slovak movement would be more correctly viewed purely as a war weapon than as a precisely-defined commitment of policy, and that, as such, it is not unlikely to prove exceedingly effective. President Wilson's plan of seeking peace through a rapprochement with Austria-Hungary was tried and failed, owing largely to the ascendancy acquired by the militarists at Brest-Litovsk. Is it not probable that a revolt of formidable proportions within the Empire might serve as a substitute for a degree of victory on the Western front with its incalculable cost in slaughter and ruin? From now on to the end of the war imponderables will be of increasing importance, and diplomatic bombs of this nature must exercise a profoundly disintegrating effect. I venture to believe that there is little "cloudy idealism" on either side. These representatives of oppressed nationalities are realists with an unflinching clearness of vision, and no illusions about motives of knight-errantry which might find exercise nearer home. They will get what they can. But in the implicit struggle between ideologues and Foreign Offices as to who shall be pawns and who players, the traditional cynicism of the Foreign Offices may be trusted to win out. Diplomatic phrases have varying contents, and the war is with Germany.

My other point is concerned with American policy towards Russia. The attentive student of the American Press during the past few months knows that the issue was not between intervention and no intervention, but between intervention of a purely military nature, *without America* and Japan as chief actor, and intervention in which America might possibly play a moderating, restraining, and conciliatory part. President Wilson held out for a long time against enormous pressure from within and without, and chose at last the lesser of two inevitable evils. It may be a desperate hope that it is still possible for help of a reconstructive nature to be given to Russia, but that is unquestionably the desire and purpose of the Administration.

You say that President Wilson stands alone. That is not the case. He may stand alone among Governments, but he has at his back the great majority of the American people, who will follow his lead. There has been, during the past summer, a remarkable consolidation of all the elements in America—many of them previously dissentient—which aim chiefly at a just and reconciling peace, in support of the President's policy. Liberals everywhere should give him the highest measure of confidence and support, for in the increasing dominance of his influence in the councils of the Allies lies the best hope for the realization of their ideals.—Yours, &c.,

C. K. C.

London, September 8th, 1918.

Poetry.

WASTE.

I. LOVE'S.

I HAVE been painting posies all the day—
The myrtle, ivy, pansy, and the rose—
For Yuletide in Natal whose dawns disclose
Blue kopjes in a mist of rose and gray,
Where on Hope's uplands Youth and Love survey
The valés of peace, and future paths propose;
Where breezes o'er the Indian Ocean doze
Ere loosing fleets all white as buds of May;
Where moonflow'rs in the night their lips ope wide,
And tiger-lilies droop with moths and dew;
Where all my English sprays look pale beside
Flamboyant clusters flaunting passion's hue,
And Nature's sempiternal loves deride
My maiden posies, limned for You.

II. WAR'S.

I have been painting lilies all the day:
Their harlot scent my senses steal, and lure
My heart to dreams of joy I once deemed sure
But now as far off as the rotting ray
That in the deadwood marsh leads fools astray.
The honey of my lilies in the ewer
Stings my nostrils; how can I endure
Pistil and stamen: yearning like all clay?
Their pallid bells' soft carillons appeal
With golden strains in vain for love anew;
My fingers thrill; my thoughts all waxen reel
From visions of the thing that's come to You
As comes to lilies tall: the blue-bright steel
That snapped your life and left me here to rue.

GEORGE I. BECKETT.

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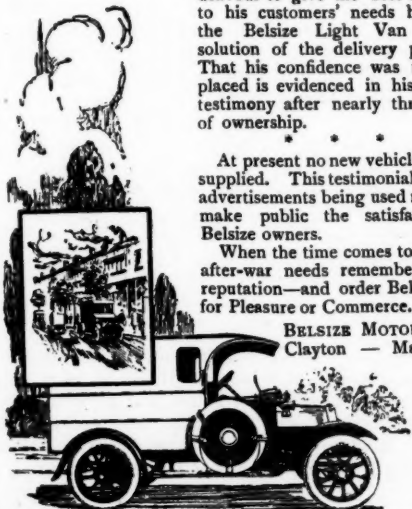
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The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The French Revolution in English History." By Philip Anthony Brown, M.A. (Crosby Lockwood.)
 "The Meaning of Industrial Freedom." By G. D. H. Cole and W. Mellor. (Allen & Unwin. 1s. net.)
 "The Conscience of Europe." By Prof. Alexander W. Rimington. (3s. 6d. net.)
 "Shakespeare and England." By Sir Walter Raleigh. (Humphrey Milford. 1s. net.)
 "Cleon." Compiled by Eupolis, Jr. (C. W. Daniel. 1s. net.)
 "The Soul of Susan Yellam." A Novel. By H. A. Vachell. (Cassell. 7s. net.)

No book published recently has such a lucky title as "A Book of the Sea," an anthology selected and arranged by Lady Sybil Scott and published by the Oxford Press. A book with a name like that can afford to be as indifferent to the critics as a pretty lady. It does not matter what the serious may say. The great heart of man does not turn to Solomon for reference when its eye is gladdened by that sort of thing. And whose chance eye could meet "A Book of the Sea," where it stands demurely in a window amid companions whose attractions are Reconstruction, and from Terror to Triumph, and Wounds in the Abdomen, without knowing instinctively where his love and his money will certainly go? And is he wrong? He does not care if he is.

IN the past twelve years there have been published four selections of verse and prose having the sea for the outlook to be framed—"The Call of the Sea," by Mr. F. G. Affalo; "Full Fathom Five," by Mr. and Mrs. Melville; "The Sea's Anthology," by Mr. J. E. Patterson; and this selection by Lady Sybil Scott. Mr. Affalo's is a good but small selection from the Ancients, and from English, French, Italian, and German prose writers. As it travels from Genesis to Clark Russell, and the volume is small, it is not fair criticism to complain of anything that has been chosen—even supposing it is fair to complain at all of what goes in and is left out of any sort of an anthology; because it is evidently useless to complain of the predilection bestowed on the compiler by his Maker. It is only when the collection is called "The Sea's Anthology," and you find it is Mr. Patterson's, that criticism becomes legitimate. Mr. Patterson's is all of verse, and is useful chiefly because it includes a good deal of quaint material, which most compilers would not have looked at twice. Perhaps it is not out of order for such a book to include a certain amount of discarded junk, for that curious stuff has its attractions. "Full Fathom Five," like the latest anthology, is a mixture of prose and verse; but "A Book of the Sea" is much the most ambitious effort of the four, though its prose selection is meagre, and after the grumble which must inevitably follow the first casual glance at any anthology, one must admit this last one of the sea is as near to our desire as could be expected, seeing it was done by somebody else. That is to say, Lady Scott has done her work with a just appreciation of its scope, its peculiar difficulty, and with a right instinct for the best in books. Yet it is permissible to assume that Lady Scott has not worked upon ships long enough to be called an able seaman; and perhaps has not even consorted much, in places like Tiger's Bay and Canning Town, with those who are in the habit of forsaking all graciousness one evening at high tide, vanishing beyond the dock-heads, and for a long period becoming nothing but an occasional anonymous reminder in the "Shipping List"—a strange publication which before the war could be obtained from the tavern

nearest home in any shipping parish, if the kind landlord knew father when he was in port.

AND that makes some difference to a few who, in any case, will value her anthology, but have watched more than once the home lights go out till only the Wolf was left, and there was the Bay and all to come, and from a ship that would never attract a passenger. I have a considerable respect for Mrs. Meynell as a writer, for instance, but when I find her in an anthology of the sea because, with the freedom of an essayist, she once declared that "a child on a mere Channel cliff looks upon spaces and sizes that they (the sailors) cannot see in the Pacific, on the ocean-side of the world. Never in the solitude of the blue water, never between the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn, never between the Islands and the West, has the seaman seen anything but a little circle of sea. The Ancient Mariner, when he was alone, did but drift through a thousand narrow solitudes. The sailor has nothing but his mast, indeed. And but for his mast he would be isolated in as small a world as that of a traveller through the plains"—when I find that considered appropriate in the foreground of a seascape, then it does not succeed in being, to me, much more than canvas and paint.

THERE it is. That is what happens when inexperience trusts over-confidently to poetic insight and the emotional moment. It is whimsical and engaging, but it is not true. The Ancient Mariner did not drift through a thousand narrow solitudes, but through Solitude. Alternating day and night do not break nor diminish the sense of awe which comes of living under the very aspect of eternity itself, all, indeed, that the voyager may look upon as he drifts, a mote in the void; the apprehension of eternity itself, always there, to which the lonely pilgrim continually makes his way, but which is unapproachable, the ever receding end in mere apparition of boundless time and space. And then again, what from a holiday cliff could one learn of the immensity of the sea, and of its power? What of the thousands of leagues of ocean may be seen from Beachy Head? No more than from the bridge of a ship in the Western Ocean, when the land is gone. The holiday shore is all very well. It is the sea, of course. But when your vessel, laboring and full of dire sounds, bleak with the reflections of a falling sky, is suddenly faced by the deliberate approach of what, at least, does look like the overwhelming gloom of calamity itself, just in the few seconds before the shock comes and the body of the ship vanishes, you have plenty of time to revise any conception of the sea which came during the serene leisure of a holiday.

IT is not that the world of the mariner is small, as Mrs. Meynell suggests, but that the mariner himself is shy concerning what he knows, even when not quite inarticulate. Anyhow, it is all in "The Nigger," where, for once, a mariner is not only expressive, but a great writer. And that reminds me that the ship and her men do not anywhere come through the many passages even in this last excellent anthology; anyhow, not in familiar shapes, for one cannot count the strange craft of the poets. Kipling gave us a ship and a crew we knew in the "Ballad of the 'Bolivar,'" but instead of that he is represented in Lady Scott's collection with the "Last Chantey," with its Cherubim, and the Angel of the Off-Shore Wind, and the Long Trail. Perhaps the truth is there is not enough verse in English literature to make an anthology which a sailor could say was his very own. That may be the trouble. I don't know. Yet I wish "Q," who knows ships and the sea, and moves in the company of seamen as easily as he does amongst his books, would do something here for us.

FOR the usual view of the sea one gets in an anthology is from the top of a cliff, as it were, with the ships too distant to be material, with even a storm just as well set as it used to be at His Majesty's Theatre, and not a sailor anywhere near; though if he were he would be apologetic and embarrassed, because quite out of his element.

H. M. T.

WHEN VICTORY COMES.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.



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The birth of a new world.

The world of Youth.

A world in the birth throes of new and clean ideals born of the agony of years of bleeding and suffering.

The birth of Love.

After Ages of Pain.

When Victory comes, and the foul menace of militarism is swept aside!

When Youth, the fetters struck from his limbs, the bandage loosed from his eyes, no longer gagged, a slave, stretches his weary limbs, gazes at the man-mutilated earth, and lifts his eyes to the Sun.

When the tortured world grows once more glad.

When the sap rises, the buds burst into leaves, the blossoms open, and peaceful skies ring with ecstatic songs of mating birds.

When a veil of flame-like flowers and cool green grasses is cast over the scarred and blistered battlefields. When children's laughter rings once more in ruined places and lovers make their tryst where desolation made its home.

When Victory comes.

The Victory that Youth has fought for, bled, and died for.

The Victory of Youth—Love.

"Victory?" . . . * . . . *

In the council chambers the shrill triumphant squeals of the old men will issue forth. "It is our Victory! Look what we have gained!"

And Youth, fresh from the memories of the blood, the lice, the stench, the unspeakable filth, will listen with the smile of mockery to the sterile pipings of "Victory! Victory is ours!" from gnarled and skinny throats.

Youth alone has paid the price and alone will claim the Victory. Youth has for years been stricken down, bound hand and foot, hemmed in, thwarted, tongue-tied. Youth has wondered, questioned, fought and sought for some cleansing in the blood-bath. Youth has gained the Victory and brought an end to the Sacrifice, to the Holocaust of the boyhood of the world.

Youth has given everything, while Age, giving nothing, has taken all. And when Age croaks, despairingly, "We have won the great Victory," they will be unheeded. Age has ruled in the past by Hate, and the world is weary of Hate. Youth will rule in the future by Love. And Love is not for the old, the impotent, the sterile. The boastful cries from withered throats will be unheard, drowned by the glad pipings of Pan.

Victory means Peace, and Joy, and Life, and Love—a world which seeks beauty and does not goad to deeds of hate.

And Youth, his limbs unshackled, no more the slave of Age, his soul his own, is once more free and Lord of Life.

Then Victory comes.

* * *

Victory!

And Love, crowned in roses, laughs aloud.

The rising sap, the mating birds, the bursting blossoms, the young things in the fields.

No longer now the envious hand of Age has power to tear the lover from his mate, to poison sacred wells of love with Death, and spoil each love embrace with tortured fear that it may be the last; to crush the heart of woman with dread her unborn child may never hold its father's hand.

When love is born again.

After the ages of pain.

When Victory comes and Youth and Love can reign.

When Youth returns to the arms of the Beloved. Youth is the Hope—the Soul of the world. Youth who is Love with white thoughts.

When long-craved hope is won. Wonderful hope, revelling in greatness. Wild, throbbing, absorbing, rising to a shout of joy. Intoxicated by power. Passionate! Overwhelming! Sweeping aside convention, tradition, all that is old, all that has lived and is dead.

The birth of a new world.

A world of Love.

So Victory comes!

* * *

These impressions are not merely idealistic; they are written with a deep and personal knowledge of the mind of the fighting man silently enduring hell, and with a great sympathy for Youth who is paying the whole price in the World Tragedy.—H. D. B.

14, OLD BOND STREET, W.

Reviews.

THE DIARY OF A SOLDIER.

"**Made Free in Prison.**" By E. W. MASON. (Allen & Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

THERE is no more dreadful place than a prison, and no more pitied man than a prisoner. If he is in the wrong, he is still to be pitied; but if he is right, or thinks himself in the right, then, indeed, if he can tell his story, all hearts must, sooner or later, open to him. The religious or the political prisoner always ends as a hero. Be he Jew or Protestant, Pagan or Christian, Revolutionist of the Right or Revolutionist of the Left, his canonization is sure. What has happened to his predecessors is happening in turn to the Conscientious Objector. Who does not wish him quit of his martyrdom? Not, we are persuaded, the Army, who know what the war is. Not the men and women to whom it seemed in its inception an essentially noble enterprise. For, with some exceptions, the opposition of the Conscientious Objector has been a noble one, too. Let him who doubts read the prison meditations of Mr. Stephen Hobhouse, and the simpler, but not less poignant, reflections of Mr. E. W. Mason, the author of "**Made Free in Prison.**"

Mr. Mason, who in three successive inflictions of the cruellest sentence known to our law, has been ordered to spend five and a-half years of his young life in solitary, or all but solitary, confinement, was (says Mr. Edward Carpenter, in his brief foreword) "an East-End boy who received the usual School Board education, and left at fourteen to work in a tailor's shop." He became a Socialist; and he declares himself an Agnostic. He had the advantage of the friendship of a man of somewhat riper and fuller culture, Mr. Litchfield Woods, to whom most of these prison letters were addressed. Mr. Woods was killed in an air-raid, and the latter part of Mr. Mason's pilgrimage was, therefore, deprived of its great spiritual comfort and support. He seems, like most brave men, to dislike compliments. We will therefore merely say of him that, whatever may be his creed, he has honored it, and that his book will be read long years after his gaolers have been forgotten. He does not, of course, write like Cellini or Prince Kropotkin, or some other great prisoners. But nothing inscribed to the shame of the worst prison system in the world ever left a blacker mark on it, or set in brighter contrast the essential virtues of an upright and innocent soul. Mr. Mason seems to have loved nearly all his gaolers, and to have a mitigating word for the most depraved of his companions. It is clear that they nearly all loved him. His editor quotes a simple letter, written by a private in the Military Police who came in contact with him during one of the lighter intervals of the game of Cat and Mouse that the law has played with him:—

"I believe (says this man) I am doing right in taking part in this war. I had fifteen months of hard fighting in France, and I am pleased to think that Merson and Mason are fighting just as hard for what they think is right. I hope to see them again soon, and I join with the rest of the police in wishing them and you a bright and prosperous New Year."

He adds a second communication from a member of the escort who took him from Catterick Camp to North-allerton prison on his way to serve the second of his sentences:—

"Mason asked me to inform you he is well, and I can honestly tell you he was in excellent spirits. One would have thought he was going home instead of to scenes and times of misery and torture."

That the story of their imprisonment is one of torture no reader of this restrained diary can doubt. It contained one crucial episode. After his first sentence of eighteen months' hard labor had been passed on him as an absolutist, he accepted an offer of alternative work under the Home Office scheme. He was then classed, in the words of the Home Official, as "a bona-fide conscientious objector"; that is to say, as a man whose conscientious scruple to military service had been acknowledged, and who had ceased to be a soldier. Yet, when on the stern reminder of Mr. Woods that he had gone back on his principles, in agony of soul Mason recalled his recanta-

tion, the Army seized him again, and declared that the man who had ceased to be a soldier was a soldier after all. He argued the point with the tribunal, and then took his punishment like a man, his one concern being to recover his self-respect, and, so far as Mr. Woods was concerned, to "eliminate the scarlet stain from our friendship." Terrible was the sentence; much more terrible the thought of his fall. He writes as if he had committed sacrilege: "Tears come to my eyes when I reflect how terribly I have treated you, in spite of all you have done for me. That I should have set at nothing all the kindness from your hands and embraced a traitor's ease rather than bear a few paltry prison burdens for a few paltry months! I must express my shame, I must admit my guilt, for I can get no rest, nor ease, nor quietness if I do not." But he could not measure his own sufferings with those of his friend. As the Christian thinks first of the Sacred Heart his sin has pierced, so he conceived of the wound his faithlessness had dealt. He felt it was right that he should suffer. Had he not destroyed his friend's trust in him? And what was prison discipline to this "self-condemning, ever-critical, scathing, relentless shame of my sin of treason!"

It is this tragedy of sensitiveness which throws into high relief the story of endurance that follows. Mr. Mason recovered a cheerfulness that even his friend's death did not shake. But the solitariness of his cell tried him high. Books saved him. He had the "Golden Treasury" sent him, and set to work to memorize his favorite poems and recite them over and over again. It took him nearly two and a-half hours to complete his rosary of forty-five poems. The warders heard him declaiming Shakspeare and Wordsworth, and came to the "sneaking, repugnant spy-hole" to watch. Sometimes he longed to smash the shutter with his shoe, but his poets inspired him, and he went on declaiming. Shakspeare's passion, Browning's "manly voice" and "philosophy of strength and will" were great comforters. Two of his Socialist friends had promised to sing "The Red Flag" outside the prison walls. He besought them to believe that his joy in hearing would be greater than theirs in singing, and that though he had often spoken of "hope, courage, and joy," he had only come to comprehend them in prison. Thus, while, as he said, the Army had taken his body, he contrived that it should not have his soul as well.

Solitude is one terror of the gaol. Once in the night Mr. Mason heard a delirious man screaming to a warder, "Oh, God! oh, God! talk to me! Say anything! only for God's sake talk to me!" Hunger is another enemy. Mr. John Burns said that he used to scour his cell floor for bread crumbs. Mr. Mason would lie on the floor and close his eyes for half an hour after his scanty meals, and try to forget that he was hungry. The habitual generosity of the prisoners makes some amends for this half-starvation; one criminal will share his food with another, or steal for him. In the end force of habit dulls these cravings, and the prisoner learns to live down to his prison. But Mr. Mason had to live up to it, and to attain, by a joint effort of the soul and the understanding, a "happy state of serene habit and endurance," ascending to it by the practice of humility, patience, and love. Once the mind was free, victory was won; the prisoner entered the blessed clime of little fear and much hope. The periods of comradeship he enjoyed at the camp were, on the whole, cheerful interludes in the hard spiritual struggle. Save for the brutality of the sergeants, he speaks of the Army with affectionate sympathy. But he also describes it as drilled to death. The soldier's mind becomes vacant with drill: his soul sick with the monotony of it. Discipline Mr. Mason found to be "a ghastly and brain-shattering thing," lacking all sense or humor, a "methodical madness," which bisects life into bits of animal idleness and of misused activity. It also produces types of the wildest eccentricity. In a guard-room at Catterick Bridge Mr. Mason had for a cell companion a gigantic Irishman who, having got himself a drink of water by thundering on the door and smashing his slop pail till the guard came and ministered to him, performed the same office for his comrade. Seizing the cell mop and

"Grasping me by the waist, he battered away at the door in a tornado of fury, swearing and cursing in his jargon, and using all the oaths of Christendom. The mop

end disappeared, and pieces of the handle began to fly about the cell. Large splinters from the door flew around us. The din was awful. Still he kept on raining blows upon the door, with an oath for every blow. His great frame was convulsed with energy, but his face was calm and determined. I tried to break away, but he held me in a grip that hurt so much that I desisted from my efforts.

"Still the guard did not answer, and O'Brien continued his blows all the more vigorously, until scarcely any of the mop was left, and splintered dents began to appear upon the floor. At last the sound of the sergeant's keys stopped the infuriated Irishman. The key turned in the lock, but the door could not be opened until three men of the Guard lifted it upon its hinges. When the portal was clear, O'Brien pushed me gently and carefully to the front, and with a calm, passionless, and almost tender voice, said: 'If you please, Sergeant, this laddie here would be glad of a drink.'

Merely as rebels against discipline, the "C.Os." were respected and admired. Their escorts were uniformly kind to them. One soldier wept when he heard they had been condemned to a second term of hard labor. "The sentence struck him down with grief." Another, who wore the Military Medal, admired them for their pluck, the warrior's badge all the world over. One feels that to be a true instinct of comradeship. Mr. Mason's diary is essentially the story of a soldier, and it is by the light of such deeds as it records that the army of humanity reforms its broken ranks and re-kindles its ardor for the fight.

THEORIES OF EDUCATION.

"The German School as a War Nursery." By V. H. FRIEDEL. With an Introduction by M. E. SADLER. (Melrose. 4s. 6d. net.)

"A Schoolmaster's Diary." Edited by S. P. B. MAIS. (Grant Richards. 6s. net.)

"Political Education at a Public School." By VICTOR GOLLANCZ and DAVID SOMERVILLE. (Collins. 3s. 6d. net.)

"The School, and Other Educators." By JOHN CLARKE. (Longmans. 5s. net.)

"Education for Liberty." By KENNETH RICHMOND. (Collins. 6s. net.)

THE unprejudiced critic who undertakes for his own illumination a careful survey of the books on education published within the last seven years may be occasionally tempted to the premature conclusion that none of these writings is based on a stable premiss. His examination reveals to him three main groups, namely (1) the traditionalists, engaged in plotting infinitesimal differences in the curriculum; (2) a mixed lot of doctrinaires and reformers, some of them crying for immediate and wholesale revolution, others scheming subtle methods for grafting on the parent stock; and (3) the theorists, who are making valiant efforts to understand precisely what education means. It is this third group that upsets the most elementary assumption of the investigator. After reading Clutton Brock's little book, "The Ultimate Belief," he is tempted to affirm that no system of education should be undertaken until we know what God and man is. He is confronted not with that relatively familiar and comprehensive creature, the human boy; but with a spectre known variously as the sub-conscious, the super-conscious, and the unconscious—a strange, incalculable Titan who appears to act as an intermediary between the spiritual and the physical. If this all-important functionary in the human economy is thwarted and suppressed, it may turn malignant in its furious need for expression. Psycho-analysis and common experience warn us of the dangers of inhibition. But can we, on the other hand, believe Mr. Brock when he tells us that all the child's subconscious impulses when released are fine, free, and beautiful? The investigator's sympathetic study of the anarchists in his own nursery will not confirm that theory. He will find that the average child of five and under displays the simple traits of anger, selfishness, cruelty, and acquisitiveness; that it has no respect for truth as such, but a highly developed sense of the inviolability of its own personal property. Its impulses, in fact, though they may be simple and beautiful, are not those that accord with our present ethical development. If they were allowed to develop unchecked the child would not make a model citizen; he would be much more likely, as

things are, to spend the best part of his adult life in prison. Yet Mr. Brock, Mr. Shaw in his preface to "Misalliance," and a large body of American experimenters, urge the necessity for what is called "Free Expression"; the encouraging of natural reactions or the cultivation of those free impulses that spring from the unconscious. Their criticism of our existing methods is founded on the accusation that we have always tried to force the child into a particular mould, the matrix being cast in the shape of our own dogma whatever that may be.

The ultimate crux in the application of this theory arises probably from the fact that we are still hopelessly ignorant of the true meaning or functions of the subconscious; and conditions being what they are, the investigator who wishes to turn his inquiry to practical issues will be well advised to reject the theory of an absolute "Free Expression" as being without the bounds of present application. It is essential, nevertheless, to realize the new spirit that underlies this demand for the development of pure impulse, inasmuch as when we turn to the works of the reformers we shall find the influence of that spirit behind every suggestion. We shall find it, for example, in the above fortuitous but representative collection of five books, all published within the past two or three months.

M. Friedel's examination of the German system comes happily as an illustration of the autocratic type which every reformer in our second class condemns without hesitation; but at the same time it affords us a sight of a new movement growing out of that system, a movement that would seem to have reached an experimental stage far in advance of anything we have attempted in Great Britain. With the old system we are already fairly familiar. A wonderful organization has been used to drill every German citizen into conformity with regard to one clearly visualized ideal. Certain leading principles were recognized as representing for the purposes of the German military state, absolute truths; and for fifty years an attempt has been made to shape every German child upon one simple model so far as those main principles were concerned. We must admit that the experiment has at once succeeded and failed. Germany has proved that it is possible to produce a measure of uniformity that will serve a practical purpose. She has shown that it is possible within limits to educate the mass of a nation in such a way that it will respond in the manner desired. What she has not proved is that this result is necessarily admirable. But it is at least open to question whether the substitution of one dogma for another would provide the apt solution of the problem, as some people incline to believe. They ask for the German system with finer ideals; but the real trouble begins with the request that those ideals should be defined. For it seems that the purely ethical principle is not sufficient as a basis for education. We could not, for example, adopt the ethic of the Sermon on the Mount as the sole test of all our teaching, inasmuch as the theory of it is violently discordant with our common practice; and it is obviously hopeless to teach in school a principle that is contradicted by the child's everyday experience. Moreover, there are signs that the great Prussian system of education is being condemned from within. Space does not permit any considerable adduction of evidence, but the following quotation from M. Friedel's work concerning a practical experiment that is being made at Mannheim presents an ambition that has, as yet, been hardly more than indicated by our own reformers:—

"What has been attempted at Mannheim is the experiment of a system of free and universal primary schools, where pupil and parents, without distinction of social rank, may find what they require and what suits them—i.e., a school constructed organically to suit the needs of an intellectual, moral, and physical, pedagogy, and grouping around a normal nucleus accessories which will be helpful to the weak and useful to rising talent; in short, a school in accordance with nature, with reason, and with justice, and one which is at the same time the real and unique basis of already existing higher instruction."

The last sentence is a trifle unfortunate, and it would be as well to study the syllabus before expressing too optimistic an opinion; but the root of the thing seems to be there.

Mr. Mais's book is mainly critical. He has tried to show, by the device of using the diary of an imaginary schoolmaster, some of the main abuses of our present public school methods. His case, unhappily, needs little proving. So far as mere education goes, the method is already con-

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dened. More practical are the suggestions of Messrs. Gollancz and Somervell, and the rather tentative essays of Mr. John Clarke. The former have an actual demonstration as a basis for their argument; and their trial of a class in political education instituted by them at "one of the old public schools," seems to have been conducted on sound lines and to have been a success. Mr. Clarke is with the reformers in principle, but his proposals are in no way drastic.

We come to the heart of the whole matter, however, with Mr. Richmond's "Education for Liberty." If we are compelled to an immediate compromise, while the main problems of psychology are still unsolved, here, it seems, is the adumbration of a system that strikes a mean between the two extremes of what may be called the Autocratic and the Free Expression methods. Mr. Richmond is drastic enough. He would upset the whole cumbrous unrelated structure of our present curriculum. He sees all primary and much of a secondary education as a preparation for learning rather than as a specialised process of acquiring knowledge. The principle, as he admits, is not new. "All the inspired writers on education from Comenius onwards have seen the virtues of the "pansophic," as opposed to the encyclopædic method. The traditionalists are standing on their last defence with the assertion that "Education is Discipline"; Mr. Richmond as representing the attack on behalf of the synthetic principle would oppose the counter-assertion that "Education is Training." Between the two definitions there is a particular difference. Discipline does not necessarily connote training, and even when it does, implies training of a specialised and inelastic type. Training, on the other hand, cannot be accomplished without the help of some kind of discipline. We may discipline a boy until we check all his natural impulses. If we would train him we can only succeed when our purpose is to develop his natural ability. And the accessory discipline involved in the latter process is surely of another kind from that desired by the traditionalists. Every boy in the process of developing his own potentialities must learn a measure of self-control; but the essential thing is that we want him to be his own disciple, not ours.

Our assumed investigator may well pause at this point, and coming down from mid-air attempt to make sense of his somewhat tortuous musings. On solid earth he is faced with an antithesis and the indications of a tendency. The former has already been stated; it is that between the rigid imposition of an ideal and the movement towards the relatively free development of individual character and ability. The tendency—quite plainly shown in these five books, and, indeed, in all the suggested social as well as educational reforms of the present day—is towards free development. But, happily, we move slowly in these things. It seems, indeed, that the revolution has already begun, and that all the arrayed forces of reaction will be unable to check it. The young idea continually presses forward and the old army is subject to constant losses by attrition. But there will be no guillotines in our public school quadrangles, nor even, as yet, the more desirable bonfires of old text-books.

DARTMOOR SENTIMENT.

"The Dartmoor Window Again." By BEATRICE CHASE (Olive Katharine Parr). (Longmans, Green. 6s. net.)

We should imagine that Miss Beatrice Chase's social and political point of view would be diametrically opposed to that of most readers of this paper; and her book is not to be recommended to those who are unable to enjoy exploring a mind that is essentially characteristic of a system now rapidly passing away. This is specially apparent in the earlier chapters of the book, where she tells of the strangers who visit her Dartmoor cottage in large numbers—drawn there, we gather, by perusal of former books by the same author—and the following is a characteristic anecdote:—

"One lady, I remember, who arrived in a beautiful car, left it round the corner and walked back past the window, remarking in loud tones, 'Is any one at home to-day in the Dartmoor window?' It is almost superfluous to record that she was a thoroughbred. It takes a thoroughbred to do such things."

Another instance of the author's somewhat limited outlook occurs in her description of the excursionists who

desecrate her little wayside chapel by picnicking in it, upon which she comments: "*I need scarcely say* (our italics) that I have no complaint to make against men. Men reverence me even if they do not reverence God." Miss Chase destroys her own generalization almost immediately by admitting that it is only "a certain type of woman" who "reverences neither," and by mentioning the means she takes to secure the use of her chapel to those women who do not desecrate it. But her tendency to generalize about women at all in this sense suggests an attitude that we thought had received its death-blow with the closing down of the anti-suffrage associations.

We suspect, however, that Miss Chase is posing rather more than she realizes herself. It is, perhaps, not because she is a snob but because she cannot resist the temptation to make a certain kind of phrase that she remarks, after accepting the services of a friend in her garden and kitchen: "How much sweeter it is to be served for love by gentlemen than for money by inferiors!" Or when, speaking of the poverty of landed gentry like herself and her mother, she exclaims: "There is nothing so really high bred, so really distinguished, as to be gentle by birth and poor." Such comments are discounted by some really sympathetic descriptions of the country folk around her, which leave one with the impression that her administration of her small Dartmoor estate is as thorough and as humane as it could be under the *ancien régime*. It is unfortunately impossible to deny the probable truth of her assertion: "They are so easy to rule, these poor people; even so thankful to be ruled." Where she seems to us to be out of touch with modern thought is in her satisfaction with their capacity to be ruled and with her own benevolent despotism.

The reader who is not repelled by these jarring notes will be rewarded with many pages of pleasant light reading. The vagaries of the writer's typewriter—an extraordinarily intelligent machine, whose errors are rarely without point—make an amusing chapter. So do her adventures into the world of art, and the primitive ways of the Dartmoor postal service. Some good stories, too, are scattered about the book. But the insistent personality of the author renders the book, as a whole, likely to be attractive only to those upon whom this particular sort of egoism does not jar.

HALF-HOURS ON HYMETTUS.

"The People's Palace." By SACHEVERELL SITWELL. (Blackwell. 2s. 6d. net.)

"Things New and Old." By R. S. PHILLIMORE. (Milford. 5s. net.)

"Guns and Guitars." By W. R. TITTERTON. (Palmer & Hayward. 1s. net.)

"Father Noah, and Other Fancies." By GEOFFREY WHITWORTH. (Chatto & Windus. 2s. 6d. net.)

"Twenty." By STELLA BENSON. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. SITWELL'S fancy is so incorrigibly brilliant, his execution upon the poetic keys is so very dashing, that wonder more than pleasure at the performance remains the final impression:—

"The houses all are galloping towards me—
Gymnasts on the tall trapezes of the wind.
That dome there!
Like an acrobat tumbling
From the white bars that the clouds make!
That broad arch
Feet wide apart,
Like any striding giant
Comes nearer, nearer,
Leaps right over me!
The moon sends down fresh floods of milk
Tall trees seem hands
Plunged deep into the clouds
That hang fat udders
Whence the milk flows down."

We can understand why Mr. Sitwell more than once regards the moon as somewhat of a milksop; that pale face smiling down upon us so serenely must seem very Victorian to a verse which regards the convention of ending a line with a completed word as unduly arbitrary:—

"Look! Here come
The trumpet-
ers who stab
The air
With stinging
Blasts from
Every brazen throat."

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* Other opinions in other "De Reszke" adverts.

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It is all a rapid harlequinade, in which words acquire a kind of physical solidity and participate in the action. It is one way of escaping the commonplace, and a better way than the more accepted one which sends words into the air in soot and smoke. Still, we imagine that so gifted a writer as Mr. Sitwell will not be long before he discovers that it is not perhaps the best way. That he will discover it, we have good reason to believe. What he lacks is the power of using his gifts in the service of some passionately felt and apprehended faith or idea. The dispersed impression left by his book is, we are sure, due to this, and this alone. Mr. Sitwell at present is like a man with a wallet of seeds who casts them abroad where they may chance to fall; his business in the future is to see that they do not fall on stony ground or by the wayside.

A greater contrast could not be presented than in Mr. Phillimore's correct and polished numbers. Mr. Phillimore, indeed, is like a connoisseur who knows everything about pictures except how to paint them. And, in poetic reality, he is less of an artist than Mr. Sitwell, who, though he has not got much further than words, yet makes them bounce, volley, and ricochet like healthy tennis-balls. But with Mr. Phillimore words have an absolute value; they are employed in various combinations with other words just for the look of the thing. Sometimes they are arranged so elegantly and are so pleasing a simulacrum of the real thing that we might be tempted to confuse the gratification of our ears with that of our hearts and minds:—

"How satisfying to the last desire
Do those austere figured melodies
Rise at your lips and float in that serene
Of visible peace, wherewith your minster choir
Grows rich as the afternoon translucencies
Of rivers golden-footed in forests green."

Sometimes, on the other hand, they look like a collection of shells on the mantelpiece:—

"Ere all men read the sign we then beheld:
Main force of spirit redressing monstrous odds,
Civility reposest, the Teuton gods
Broken, the foul marauding Bossche debelled."

Indeed, when Mr. Phillimore writes: "I saw Nations refined in fires of selfless hate," we are driven to say that if poetry cannot talk better sense than that the sooner we are rid of its buttered lies the better. And not a bad aesthetic test either.

If Mr. Titterton himself will have it that his "lyre" is "caterwauling," he cannot in justice blame us if we take him at his own valuation. Mr. Titterton can perhaps hear and reproduce the shrill, sharp gusto of fighting humanity with a responsive thrill. But, in confessed old-fashionedness, we should prefer something on rather stiller and sadder lines.

More than half of Mr. Whitworth's little volume is taken up with a poetic dramatic about Noah and his relations in the Ark. The rest is neither worse nor better than a not inconsiderable number of other little volumes of verse.

Miss Benson's first book was received with such a salvo of applause, that one is inclined to rein in the hasty steed of appreciation. Yet, when all is said, when we have remarked that her poetry is not the better but the worse for the obvious cleverness in it, and that here is a young poet of genuine, first-hand promise who has not yet quite made up her mind between the primroses of poetic success and the austerities of poetic truth—the verdict is on her side. It is easy enough to see that her verse possesses sweetness and melody, grace and tenderness, and that these qualities are united with a power of execution remarkably mature in a writer still comparatively unknown to the public. But the really interesting thing about Miss Benson is a gift which our age, with one or two very rare exceptions, and in spite of fruitful developments in other directions, has almost entirely lost—the gift of song. Various of her poems are called "songs," and for once in a way the name is no empty title-deed:—

"I shall possess to-day
All I have wanted,
All I lacked yesterday
Now shall be granted.
No longer dumb to you,
Changed and enchanted,
Singing I'll come to you,
Singing I'll come to you."

The doleful reviewer who reads a new book of songs—in the warmth of his heart—is moved to pour out a string of adjectival recommendations. But he refrains, in the assured hope that if Miss Benson. . . No; he has nothing to say but that, if the author has any stuff in her (which she has), she will find out for herself. So we are content to quote the charming lyric, "Christmas: 1917":—

"A key no thief can steal, no time can rust;
A faery door, adventurous and golden;
A palace, perfect to our eyes. Ah! must
Our eyes be holden?"

"Has the past died before the present sin?
Has this most cruel age already stoned
To martyrdom that magic Day, within
Those halls, enthroned?"

"No! Through the dancing of the young spring vain,
Through the faint summer and the autumn's burning,
Our still immortal Day has heard again
Our steps returning."

We get very tired of cleverness, but never of song that is not only uttered through the lips. That is to lay an obligation upon Miss Benson which we expect her to fulfil.

The Week in the City.

MONEY MARKET conditions have been easy with end of the day balances offering as low as $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and seven day loans $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. The discount rate for three months' bills is still from 3 7-16 to $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. In New York, by way of contrast, money is dear, and call loans are being made at 6 per cent. The American Stock Markets are heavy, and the depression is attributed to the action of the authorities, as the Federal Reserve Banks are discouraging large advances for Stock Exchange purposes. The American wheat crop is the largest on record; but unfortunately the condition of maize is deteriorating, and the crop is now expected to be the smallest in five years, which means that there will be a serious shortage of meat and bacon next year. Our own special problem for the moment is the coal shortage, and prospects so far are not improving. Perhaps the best features of our own Stock Markets are the strength of Consols and the rise in Industrials. Some satisfaction has been caused by Lord Milner's statement to an American correspondent that "it is of vital importance to all the Allied belligerents to bring the war to an end at the earliest possible date, with a view to conserving a reasonable balance of resources for the work of reconstruction." The Exchanges, it may be added, have been less satisfactory, nearly all the neutral exchanges having declined since the recent rise. Silver is 49½ pence per oz. Thursday's Bank Return showed a substantial improvement in the reserve.

AERATED BREAD.

Many rumours have recently been current in Stock Exchange circles concerning impending amalgamations among catering companies, and in spite of denials by certain companies, there has been some speculation in the shares. A circular has now been issued by the directors of the Aerated Bread Company, stating that after considerable negotiation, they have arranged, subject to confirmation by the respective shareholders, an amalgamation with W. and G. Buszard, Ltd., the well-known Oxford Street firm. The terms of the proposed amalgamation are that the A. B. C. should increase its capital from £250,000, of which £192,954 has been issued, to £500,000, in shares of £1 each. The unissued 57,046 shares of the present capital are to be offered to shareholders at £2 5s. each. The freehold and leasehold properties of Buszard's have been valued at £175,000, and the consideration payable therefor has been fixed at 75,000 fully paid shares. Nothing has been included for goodwill, &c., and Buszard's are therefore to have the option to call within six months of the completion of the amalgamation for the allotment at par of 50,000 of the increased capital shares. If this option is exercised, the same number of shares is also to be offered to shareholders at par, leaving 75,000 shares of the increased capital in reserve for issue as required. The amalgamated concern will be controlled by a joint board of directors, and it is estimated that net profits during the first year of amalgamation, which is to take effect from October 31st last, should not be less than £75,000.

GRAND TRUNK NEW ISSUE.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada is offering this week £3,000,000 Three-year Six per Cent. Secured Notes, dated October 1st next, repayable at par on October 1st, 1921, for the purpose of redeeming £2,000,000 Five per Cent. secured notes falling due on the 1st of next month, and of providing additional funds for the general purposes of the company. The price of issue is 99 per cent., and holders of the five-year notes who convert will have the discount paid in cash. As security for the issue, £5,000,000 Grand Trunk Four per Cent. Perpetual Consolidated Debenture Stock is deposited with the National Provincial and Union Bank of England as trustee. The benefit of the 40 per cent. increase in notes, sanctioned this year, is already being reflected in the traffic returns, and the general position of the line is greatly improving.

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